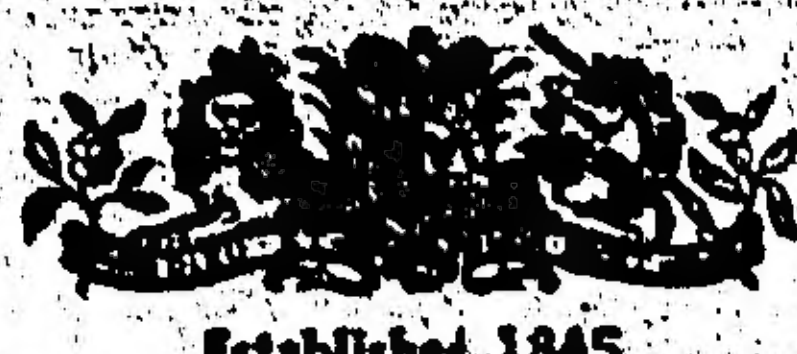


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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1955

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Can Controls
Be Lifted?

It was inevitable that Communist China should bring up the question of the Colony's restrictions on immigrants from across the border. But circumstances and statistics dictated Government's decision to introduce a quota system, based on the equation of "one in, one out," which became effective earlier this year.

Up to the time these restrictions were imposed, more Chinese were coming into the Colony than were leaving. Normally this could be tolerated. But today Hongkong has "standing room only" for additional residents—even visitors, if their visible means of support are negligible. Added to this is the rapidly rising birth rate in the Colony.

The circumstances contributing to the perceptible increase in immigrants in the earlier part of the year are less easily defined. It is an established fact, however, that Kwangtung suffered gravely from the drought and it is likely that economic conditions, particularly lack of food due to absence of crops, stimulated migration to Hongkong.

The important point now requiring consideration is whether the Hongkong Government feels it can, with safety, agree to the Chinese proposal that the restrictions be lifted. One thing can be observed with confidence: the local authorities do not want to prolong the current impositions beyond the point of necessity. This is in keeping with the traditional Hongkong policy of free entry and exit.

Much must depend on conditions on the other side of the border. If they are favourable, it is fair to believe, that there will be no substantial influx of Chinese, and that the movement to and fro will naturally equate itself. But this is not all. If China's request is to be met, then the Communist authorities must give assurances that there will be no hindrance on their part to permit the free ingress and egress of their countrymen.

There is room for a bilateral arrangement operating to the benefit of both China and Hongkong. But the Communists must remember that Hongkong has its own peculiar population problem, accentuated by the physical limitations of the Colony.

Thirsty?

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and
BE SURE
you get it

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS
THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

STRIKERS & UNION CHIEFS SPLIT

Northern Dockers May Defy "Return To Work" Order

RAY FISH
SPEARED IN
HONGKONG
WATERS

A Hongkong skindiver speared a ray fish which had a six-foot "wing span" and a three-foot stinging tail in six fathoms of water off Nine Pins yesterday afternoon.

The skindiver, Mr. D. Bromhall, Chief Scientific Officer of the Fisheries Research Unit speared the ray while searching for a school of six giant rays with another skindiver, Mr. Emil Landau, the well-known Hongkong restaurateur.

The school of rays was first sighted off Nine Pins by another diver on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Landau and Mr. Bromhall decided to search for them yesterday afternoon.

"We dived down to about 35 to 40 feet just a few yards off Nine Pins and had a look around... and then we ran into them. There were six of them, and they were enormous. I can't estimate the size but they were too big for the spear guns we had," Mr. Bromhall told the China Mail this morning.

HOW IT WAS DONE

"We surfaced and decided to arrange a system of buoys to try and catch one of the big ones. We tied nylon lines from our spears to a couple of buoys floating in the water and then we attached these to a small boat."

"What we intended to do was to dive down side by side, approach the school of rays, shoot our spears at them and then dash for the surface."

As the two men dived, they suddenly saw a ray fish over-taking them. It veered off when it was five feet away but Mr. Bromhall shot at it. The spear pierced it through the middle.

Mr. Landau and Mr. Bromhall swam to the surface and saw the ray drag their dingy almost 50 feet before tiring.

They bearded the beast and pulled the ray aboard. It struggled violently as they dragged it over the gunwale.

Later they measured it and found it was six feet from wing tip to wing tip and was about four and a half feet long. It had a stinging tail measuring almost three feet.

The two skindivers lost track of the big school of rays in the murky water but they intend to go diving again to try and catch one.

FOOD SHORTAGE
THREAT IN
BRITAIN

London, July 1.

Britain's striking dock workers split wide open today when union leaders announced they are ordering the 18,000 wildcat strikers back to the quays on Monday, and rebellious northerners indicated they may ignore the command.

If they refuse, the acting union Secretary-General, Mr. William Newman, said, "then the main executive is likely to resign."

Men employed in London's sprawling dockland—about 7,000—were ready to obey and end the six-week walkout.

Meanwhile, the first food shortage resulting from the strike was reported from the Midlands.

The Manchester Wholesale Meat Market said that there was an "acute shortage" of imported frozen meat. One jobber said that stocks of New Zealand lamb are "lower than I can ever remember." He said there would only be 200 by Monday, and "they'll go in five minutes."

The price of English lamb rose up to three shillings a pound this week. The bitter internal squabble flared in the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers Union in a stormy executive meeting.

They were debating a ruling of the Trades Union Congress to surrender 10,000 workers allegedly "poached" from another union and return to work.

Dockers from Manchester, Liverpool and Hull voted to continue the walkout. The Londoners want to go back.

OVERRIDING AUTHORITY. Since the London branch has overriding authority due to seniority the executive adopted a resolution that it is prepared to issue back-to-work instructions.

After Mr. Newman announced the decision, newsmen asked what would happen to the northern dockers if they defied the order and insist on backing their demand for recognition in port negotiations.

"That would be a matter for the executive to consider," he replied.

London delegates suggested immediate talks between the stevedores and the Transport and General Workers' Union, whose men were railed in the north.

The National Dock Labour Board reported a total of 254 ships were tied up in the strike. Almost 18,000 men were out, although 234 trickled back to work in the past 24 hours.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce, meanwhile, said that even if the strike ended tomorrow, the effects will take months to surmount and Britain's "overseas prestige" will suffer a grievous blow.

"There is no means whereby we can calculate the immense total figures of the cost to the nation as a direct consequence of the stoppage," it said in a report to members.

OPENS TALKS

The Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, started talks today with port employers. Later he will see the TUC in an effort to end the walkout which the Government fears to have a disastrous effect on Britain's export trade.

LET'S CAT OUT
OF BAG

Berlin, July 1.

Marl Maron, new Communist East German Interior Minister, said today that the Soviets were helping rearm the Soviet Zone.

Mr. Maron, in a speech marking the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Zone's "People's Police," said: "We thank our Soviet friends for the help they have given our young People's Police to make it a strong weapon against all enemies of peace, and the people."—United Press.

Spies Arrested

Helmsink, July 1.

Four people have been arrested so far, following a spy plot discovered at Kuusamo, near the Soviet-Finnish frontier, on June 23.—France-Press.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: The Shark Arm Murder Case, by John Knox.
P. 6: The Wingate Story, part two, by Leonard Mosley.

P. 7: A remarkable experiment—how 100 people owned up to their secret anxieties.
P. 8: Week-end Woman-sense.

P. 15: The "inside story" behind the London Dock strike; Sefton Delmer reviews the prospects for the forthcoming "summit" conference.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Refuses
To Ask For
Mercy

London, July 1.

Mrs. Ruth Ellis, 28-year-old ex-model awaiting execution for the murder of her racing motorist lover, David Blakely, refused today to ask for mercy.

She is due to hang in Holloway women's prison here on the morning of July 13, for shooting Blakely, 25, outside a tavern on London's famous Hampstead Heath at Easter.

Mrs. Ellis, mother of two children—a boy and a girl—until 4.30 this afternoon to lodge an appeal against the death sentence with the Home Secretary.

This morning Mrs. Ellis's solicitor announced that she had decided not to ask for mercy but all day he waited in his office in case Mrs. Ellis should change her mind.

GOVERNOR WATTS

The prison governor waited near the death cell, where Mrs. Ellis is being watched over 24 hours a day by a team of wardresses until she is taken to the scaffold, to rush the information to Mrs. Ellis's solicitor.

But as the hours passed and the deadline approached no word came from the death cell. Then just before 5 o'clock Mrs. Ellis's solicitor issued a statement saying that he had finally decided not to ask for a reprieve.

Later Mr. William Griffin of Eithem, Southeast London, said he was organising a petition in conjunction with Mrs. Ellis's solicitors to call for a reprieve.

"Already I have been overwhelmed by offers to help," he said.—China Mail Special.

U NU'S OFFER

Washington, July 1.

U Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister, said here today his government was ready to help the United States and Communist China bring about a relaxation of tension in the Formosa area.—Reuter.

FUTURE OF CYPRUS

Tory MPs
May Rebel
Against
Concessions

London, July 1.

The British Government would probably face a major rebellion of its Parliamentary rank and file if it made any concessions over control of the Mediterranean island colony of Cyprus, political sources said today.

Some Conservative members of Parliament are already privately critical of the decision to invite Greece and Turkey to a London conference soon on political and defence questions affecting the Eastern Mediterranean.

These talks would mainly concern Cyprus where a rash of bomb-throwing and terrorism has broken out in support of the campaign for Enosis (union with Greece).

Conservative back bench MPs have been summoned by their foreign affairs group to a closed doors session next Wednesday to discuss the explosive situation on the island.

MAY SEEK PLEDGES

They may call in ministers to seek specific policy pledges that nothing will be done to modify British sovereignty over the Crown colony, now headquarters of Britain's Middle East defence set-up.

Announcing the decision to call the three-power conference yesterday, Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, said it would be open to anybody who attended the proposed meeting to make any points they wished.

This has already touched off some private criticism from disheartened right-wingers who say that other countries should not be brought in to discuss what they consider purely an internal British affair.

But so far, there is no indication on how much support this group could muster, or how vital it might become.

REVOLT RECALLED

Though about 40 Conservative MPs fought bitterly against the Government's decision last year to quit the Suez Canal zone base when the issue was taken to a vote in the Commons, only a handful finally came out against the decision.

Now that the Government has booked its overall majority to 59 following the General Election—it was 18 previously—politicians believe that some extreme right-wingers could take a tougher line over what they would consider "concessions" over Cyprus.

They may also be firmer now in seeking clear-cut government assurances as to its future policy over the island.—China Mail Special.

CHEQUERS TALKS

London, July 1.

Sir Anthony Eden called the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, to his country house tonight for a conference on Cyprus.—United Press.

DUESSELDORF MURDER TRIAL

Emotional
Evidence Given
By Accused

Duesseldorf, July 1.

A shaken British sergeant today testified he killed a fellow soldier in self-defence and later strung up the body in his army barracks to make it look like a suicide.

Weeping, shouting and mopping his brow in turn, husky Irish-born Sergeant Frederick Emmett-Dunne, told a court martial he struck Sergeant Reginald Watters to wrest a pistol from him after Watters accused him at gunpoint of seducing his beautiful German-born wife.

Earlier defence counsel Derek Curtis-Bennett announced that the wife, a 29-year-old night club singer, who married Emmett-Dunne seven months after Watters' death, would testify later for the defence in the murder trial.

In three emotion-packed hours the six-foot-two-inch sergeant described the events leading up to the death scene in a car outside the barracks. He raised his left hand dramatically to demonstrate the death blow and shouted out in a broken voice: "I shall never forget it!"

DENIES LOVE AFFAIR

Emmett-Dunne denied prosecution allegations that he was carrying on a secret love affair with Mrs. Watters or that he intended to kill her five-foot-one-inch tall husband. He declared he had not been intimate with Mrs. Watters, nor any other women up to the time of her husband's death.

The prosecution will cross-examine Emmett-Dunne when the trial resumes on Monday. The defence is reported to be planning a courtroom demonstration of the death scene.

Emmett-Dunne said his sole purpose in striking Watters was to get the pistol. He was so overcome while describing the death scene that the court invited him to be seated. He swallowed pills to steady himself.

The defendant said Watters accused him during the argument in the car of living with his wife while Watters was away on army manoeuvres in September 1953—three months before his death. Emmett-Dunne said he replied: "Don't be so bloody ridiculous. Mia and I are very good friends and I am not such a... to break up a friendship."

HAD A PISTOL. Weeping at times with lips twitching the defendant added: "I had never seen Reg like this before. I had not known Reg. Watters so well I should have thought he was a madman. He had a pistol in his hand."

He testified they agreed later to marry even though he was not in love with her and they did not live together for the first three months. He said he finally fell in love with her "as a result of receiving attention that I had never received before from anybody."—Reuter.

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TO-DAY

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BOSTON ROBBERY?**

Thrilling as a
Cottrell's story...
BEST-SELLING NOVEL
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**6 BRIDGES
TO CROSS**

Starring
**TONY CURTIS-JULIE ADAMS
GEORGE NADER**

by JAY C. FLIPPEN-SAL MINED

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Starring
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CONTEST WINNERS
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EXTRA MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW

KING'S At 11.30 a.m.
"VARIETY PROGRAMME"
featuring Leon Errol
Comedies & Disney's
Color Cartoons

PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.
Columbia presents
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It Slams
You Like A
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JACK
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Starring Richard Widmark & Mark Stevens

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WITH NO NAME**

20 CENTURY-FOX

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
Starring Granger in "SCARAMOUCHE" Technicolor

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

EMPIRE: "It's a Pleasure". Something to remind you of the Queen, of the Ice Bink, Sonja Henie and Michael O'Shea.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Six Bridges to Cross". A good-looking youngster's progress from juvenile delinquency to big-scale crime. Tony Curtis, George Nader and Julie Adams.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "A Tale of Two Cities". A re-issue of the Charles Dickens story. Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan and Basil Rathbone.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Shield for Murder". Another crooked cop hiding behind his badge. Edmund O'Brien, John Agass and Maria English.

LEE: "Tarzan's Hidden Jungle". Jungle links in the old familiar manner. Gordon Scott, Vera Miles and Peter van Eyck.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Man from Laramie". A western lifted out of the rut by the performances of its three principals. James Stewart, Donald Crisp and Douglas Kennedy.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "That Lady". One of the stories about Philip II of Spain that is making a name for Paul Scofield. Olivia de Havilland, Gilbert Roland and Paul Scofield.

The Blood Flows
—In Technicolour

In "The Man From Laramie" James Stewart has gone back to that gangling, easy-going style of acting that suits him so well. Unlike Kirk Douglas in the other recent western of note — "Man Without a Star" — he has a definite purpose in life, to discover the murderer of his brother. It's not as simple as it sounds however. His quarry isn't a man who has shot his brother in the back, or even killed him in what the code of the west calls a fair fight. In fact, the actual man who perpetrated the deed, is a Red Indian in whom Stewart isn't even interested. The true murderer, he feels, is the man (or woman) who is hiding behind the identity of an

HOW DID YOU
FEEL?

In spite of several complaints from perceptive patrons of the 9.30 p.m. cinema shows, a check has produced the information that the majority of first run cinemas on Hongkong side at least do not turn off their air-conditioning plants until almost the end of the last house. On a really sticky night they tell me that it is kept on until the last warm embrace has faded out.

Perhaps the increased temperature was caused by a rise in blood pressure?

Honest citizen, while selling guns to the marauding red men. Now you'll probably lose interest here and around me or praising a picture that has as its background a situation as old as westerns themselves. But unless you have a rooted antipathy to cowboys and redskins of any sort, this film is one that has plenty to recommend it. There is one very brutal scene which in my opinion should have been cut altogether, as it serves no useful purpose, but for the most part, this picture has action, character interest, plus unexpected situations.

We learn quite early in the picture that an elderly rancher, Donald Crisp, is the leading man in the part of the country to which James Stewart rides as a stranger. Though, according to his own light, he is a fair-dealing man, he openly favours his pampered useless son to the chagrin of the adopted one who does all the work.

These two are respectively, Alex Nicol and Douglas Kennedy. Nicol is a bully in addition to his other dislikable features, and in the incident of

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Rogue Cop". Gangsters bribe a policeman but get more than they bargained for. Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh and George Raft.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Wife For One Night". Gina Lollobrigida.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Man Who Loved Redheads". The story of a man searching for his ideal. John Justin, Moira Shearer and Roland Culver.

LEE: "Les Paris de la Nuit". The well-known singer, Yves Montand in a serious drama.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Sea Chase". An adventure story. John Wayne and Lana Turner.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Soldier of Fortune". The smuggling film made here in Hongkong. Clark Gable, Beaumont Newhall, Peter Ustinov and Elizabeth Taylor.



An unhappy interview between Paul Scofield as Philip II of Spain and Olivia de Havilland as the Princess Eboli in "That Lady".

which I complain he sadiestly shoots point blank at the hand of James Stewart who is being held down by some of Nicol's gang. As the picture is in Technicolour, the gore flows spectacularly and I must confess to having felt heartily sick at the sight.

This is a fairly minor point, however, and does not detract from the entertainment value of this picture.

A New Role For
Tony Curtis

Tony Curtis is rather a dangerous young man to cast as an habitual criminal. From the roles he has had so far, from his faithful following and from his likable personality in general it is difficult to imagine him as the enemy of society. But he is in "Six Bridges to Cross".

His counterpart in real life is probably very like him — good looking, plausible, always meaning to go straight but having got into the habit of living high after each successful coup, finding it almost impossible to change to hard work and poor returns.

The razor's edge between morality and immorality — or

the law and instinct, which ever you prefer — being so fine, each successive step on the anti-social side makes the way back harder. I'm surprised to find then that this picture has so easily escaped the censors' scissors.

After the fuss created by "The Wild One" in England I can't foresee it being cordially received by the censors over there.

Like "Cell 2245" its theme is based on fact — that fact being the \$2½ million robbery of an armored car service unit in Boston some time ago, which was linked with many other crimes attributed to the suspect, but which the authorities had never been able to pin on to him.

The reason for this was supposed to have been his friendship with a police officer dating back some years to the time when the policeman had shot the young juvenile delinquent, visited him in hospital, following the incident and had struck up a unique bond with him — part affection and friendship and part service for service on both sides.

This is a gangster story pure and simple, but Joseph Pevney has directed the Sidney Boehm script imaginatively and used the same quality when choosing his cast.

King Philip Is
The Star

"That Lady" is chiefly to be recommended for the performance of a brilliant newcomer to the screen — Paul Scofield.

It is a historical romance set in Spain in 1570 with the accent on a secret love affair between Olivia de Havilland as the widowed Princess of Eboli, and an upstart Secretary of State, played by Gilbert Roland.

That Paul Scofield, as Philip II of Spain, acts them both off the screen is not surprising, or even a new departure for a featured player.

The big names in show business are quite often more remarkable for their publicity exploits off screen and the unfortunate accident of being photographed when they are in the disquiet of their acting. Except for her widely reported disagreements with her

sister, Jean Fontaine, it's true that Olivia de Havilland hasn't courted the limelight overmuch and it's also true that she has given some memorable performances, such as that in "The Snake Pit," but usually she brings to her roles a set of mannerisms so typically de Havillandish that we do not see the character herself, but merely Olivia de Havilland playing her.

The same is true of Gilbert Roland to an even greater degree, although I feel that his gift for playing light comedy roles hasn't been sufficiently exploited. Perhaps if he'd been allowed a freer rein in this direction he wouldn't appear to be laughing at himself quite as much as he suggests in "That Lady".

Although the fashions of the day undoubtedly suit the lady herself and Scofield is so commanding that one doesn't even notice what he's wearing, Gilbert Roland seems to have strayed from a masquerade ball — in spite of the fact that he is of Spanish descent.

One of France's greatest actresses — Françoise Rosay — plays the part of confidante to the lady, in her usual sweeping fashion, and there's a pleasantly suave performance from Dennis Price as the political rival of Gilbert Roland.

The Cardinal
"Confesses"

Oh, by the way... I've been reading excellent reports of a British picture, starring Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins, called "The Prisoner".

Its theme is extremely topical — a Cardinal is accused of treason in a police state because the authorities feel that both the general influence of the Church and the personal influence of the Cardinal himself is dangerous to the regime.

By psychological means he is degraded into making a "confession" of his sins and then, with demagogical cleverness, instead of being sentenced to death or committed to prison, he is sent back to his disillusioned congregation, appearing before them as the personification of a man whom religion has failed.

I don't suppose it will make a fortune for any exhibitor here, but it would certainly be like a clean breeze if one of them had the courage to show it.

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MANGANO REANNE
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GASSMAN WINNERS
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A PONTI-DE LAURENTIS Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by ROBERT ROSEN • Story and Screenplay by Charles Klein, Joe Farrow, George A. Cooper and Albert Hume

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5 SHOWS
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A LOVE DRAMA THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER!!

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Jean Simmons in
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LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Wallace Beery in
"VIVA VILLA"

LEE Theatre

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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KEYSTONE KOPS

Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Tyronne Power in
"CRASH DRIVER"
in Technicolor

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At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

IT'S A BUREAU 101 ONE...
WITH A MILLION LAUGHS PER HOUR!

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THE
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LEWIS

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3 RING
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To-day Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"MAD ABOUT MEN"

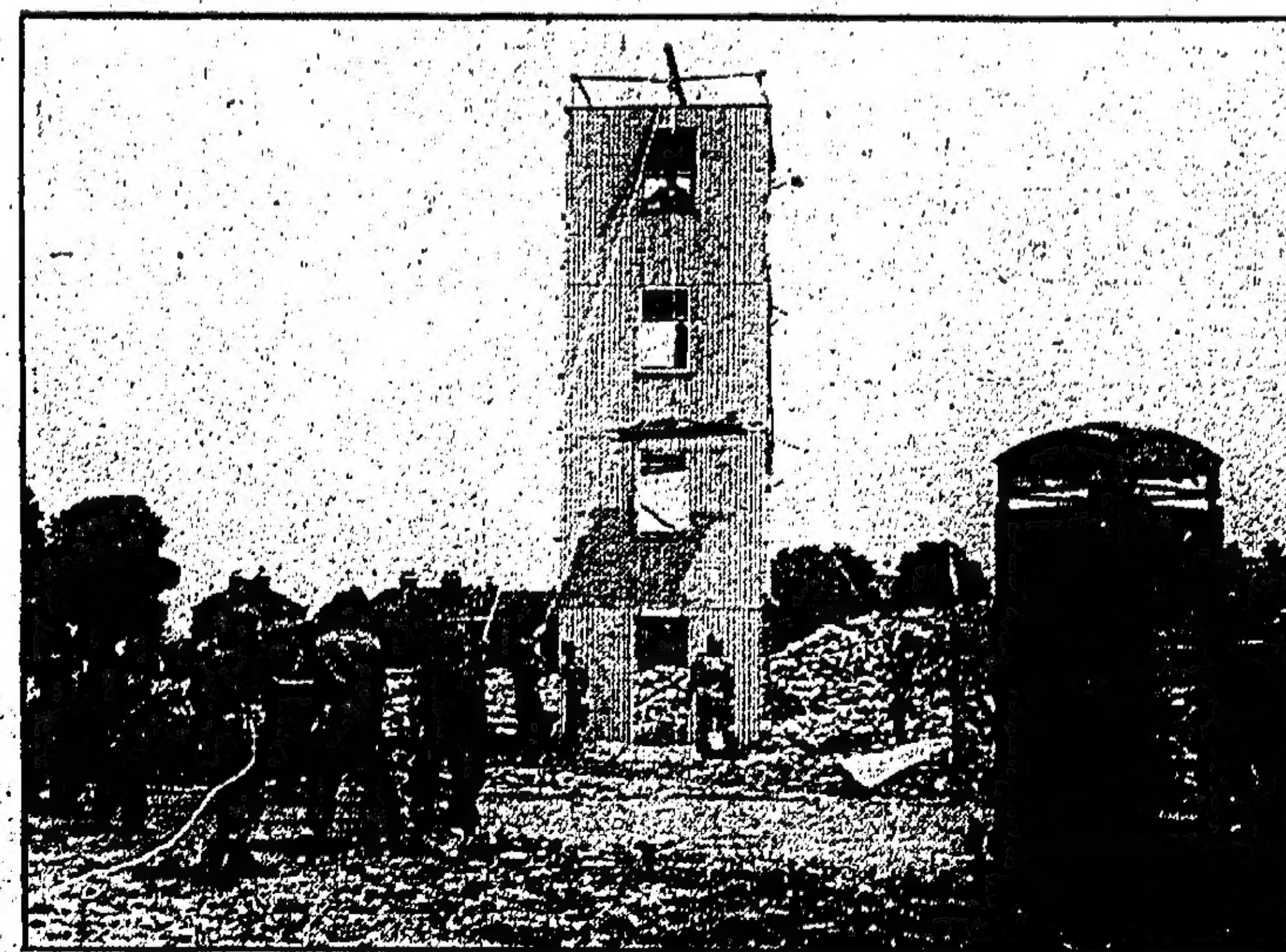


WHEN he heard that his 21-year-old girl friend, school teacher Valerie Gray, had been injured in a motor-cycle crash, Joe Brown, one of the two men who conquered 28,146-ft Kanchenjunga, third highest mountain in the world, flew 6,000 miles to be by her side. The 24-year-old plumber, who arrived in London by plane from Calcutta, went immediately to Blackburn, in Yorkshire, where Valerie was recovering from jaw, arm and leg injuries. They are seen together above. (Express)

LEFT: Hoagy Carmichael, famous American singer and song writer, at London Airport. He is in England for three weeks to make recordings. He also hopes to play some golf. (Express)



MR Norman Manley, Jamaica's Chief Minister, who is in Britain for citrus talks, took time off one week-end to look round London's "Little Harlem" — the streets off Brixton Road. Happy Jamaican residents gave him a big reception, and he found them reasonably satisfied. He did not find the dreadful housing conditions that were reported to exist. (Express)



BRITAIN'S new Mobile Defence Corps is doing some very realistic training these days. Picture taken during the first course for Territorial Army volunteers at the training centre at Epsom, Surrey, shows a casualty being brought down from a platform representing a shattered building. (Army News)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BURMA'S Prime Minister, U Nu, went backstage when he was in London recently to meet members of the cast of the musical production, "Kismet," at the Stoll Theatre. He is seen with one of the elaborately dressed principals. (Express)



AT the exhibition of works by the 61-year-old abstract painter, Ben Nicholson, at London's Tate Gallery, Dramatist Benn Levy is seen with his wife, actress Constance Cummings, and Miss Pauline Vogelpoel, secretary of the Contemporary Art Society, which arranged the exhibition. (Express)

LEFT: Thirty years ago, when Dame Edith Sitwell recited poetry on a concert platform, she was hissed off, and one critic wrote: "Surely it is time that this sort of thing was stopped." But now Dame Edith is a top attraction at London's Festival Hall. In a stiff brocaded gown, her hands covered with enormous rings, she is drawing packed houses. (Express)

BELOW: Orson Welles, whose production of "Moby Dick" was well received by the critics when it opened at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. Welles himself plays the fanatical, one-legged Captain Ahab, dedicated to pursuing and killing the Great White Whale. (Express)



FERDY the fox, from Newmarket, with its mistress, Mrs Yvonne Horth, during a holiday in London. Ferdy was the only vixen in an abandoned litter of five found in a wood, and the Horths adopted it. Ferdy likes a sip of beer, and is here about to attack a pint of bitter. (Express)



GERALD HAMILTON, who was interned by Sir Winston Churchill for pro-German sympathies during the last war, posed for the Oscar Nemon statue of Churchill recently unveiled by the Lord Mayor of London at the Guildhall. The Yugoslav refugee sculptor asked him to do it because Sir Winston could not pose on account of pressure of government business. Chuckled Hamilton: "I must say the situation tickled my sense of humour." (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES



"She wouldn't have played at Wimbledon in things like that when I was a girl."

London Express Service

The girl with a thousand gestures dances on



SHANTI RAO—1 would dance for six hours...

INDIAN dancer Shanti Rao gave me a proud look. "I would not get out of breath even if I were to dance six hours continuously. I have done this."

The claim seemed improbable coming from this small, quiet-voiced girl, meekly wrapped in her red sari and soft yellow sari.

But to that other Shanti Rao I had seen on the stage the evening before all things are possible.

I had seen her fingers bend back as though they had no bones, printing thousands of

curving, spiking gestures on the black back-cloth of the stage.

I had seen her arms and legs move with the swift, strong precision of a piece of mechanism while her

face, cruel, seductive, laughing, withdrawn, reflected the stories that her hands and feet were telling.

And, further, just when the dance seemed most strenuous, I had heard her join in the strange, thin, trembling music with a few clear notes of her own.

To do such a thing requires astonishing breath control. But Shanti Rao's training would have made a guarantee of that and a monk feel self-indulgent.

Added to it are feats of learning and memory such as speaking ten Indian languages and fluent English. She is also a trained singer and musician, is deeply read in Indian mythology, philosophy and art. Added to this is the knowledge of thousands of gestures and movements of her dancing.

A day's training when she was learning the Kathakali kind of dancing with the master Ramuni Menon began at 2.30 in the morning and ended at nine at night.

"At 2.30 we would get up to do our eye practice. There are 14 movements of them to practice. So we would sit in a statuesque pose and roll our eyes for almost an hour."

"Then we would have an hour's foot and body exercises. Then bath and breakfast. After breakfast until 12 o'clock we

would dance. At 2.30 we would continue dancing until 4. Then we would bathe again and from 7 o'clock we would practice facial expression and eyebrow movements."

Yet this rigorous life was her own choice.

Being of the highest Brahmin caste Shanti Rao had a life of comfort before her.

But at the age of nine she decided she wanted to dance. "I must dance," I said. Just like that.

Now, at 25, she is acknowledged as India's greatest dancer and can command in her own country a fee of £150 a performance, a high sum in India.

EXPLOSIVE

She and British ballerina Beryl Grey have recently demonstrated the comparative merits of the dancing styles of the East and the West on television.

One feels from what she has to say on the Western ballet that she thinks it as insipid as she finds our cooking. "It is graceful, some of the classical ballet," she will say non-committally.

"There are no gestures or facial expressions, of course, but I liked the beauty of the flight of some of the movements."

Her own style of dancing has none of the languid staccato usually associated with Eastern dancing.

It is fierce and explosive. Her guardianship of Indian tradition makes her as stern with herself as she is with the "spineless" ones (her name for the languid school of Eastern dancers).

"I want to keep on dancing for ever but know that once I no longer dance as I do now I must stop."

"I will give it up at one stroke. Just like that."

THE 'SHARK ARM' MURDER CASE

CONTINUING THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By John Knox

EVEN the most ingenious novelist would have been unlikely to think up the ingredients for the great Australian "Shark Arm" mystery which became the main topic of conversation on tram and ferry in Sydney during the autumn of 1935.

Here was a gruesome murder discovered in the most improbable way, one murder led to a second in order to silence an important witness; smuggling and blackmail were involved; and, to thwart police and justice, there was a tangle of legal complications.

It all began one April day when two fishermen on the warm, white sands of Coogee Beach, the Sydney seaside resort, noticed something big and immensely strong tangled in their nets.

After a terrific struggle they landed a man-eating tiger shark 14ft. long and a magnificent example of its type.

Seeing the value of the shark as a live exhibit, the fishermen ignored the unwritten Australian law that all sharks must be killed and took it to Coogee Aquarium. There it swam about in a tank, providing a clear warning to the hundreds of visitors who saw it of the inadvisability of swimming indiscriminately in Sydney Harbour.

Exactly a week after its capture the shark, which had refused all food, suddenly became furiously active. It leaped out of the tank into a foam, and about twenty people watching saw it disgorge several objects. There was a piece of another shark, a partly digested bird, and one other thing which held their horrified gaze.

Out of the mouth of the shark had emerged a human arm.

The police were called in and examination showed that the arm which had a piece of rope lashed to the wrist had been roughly severed, but not as result of a shark bite.

One Clue

In their quest to discover if the arm was the result of accident, suicide or murder, the police had one important clue for it carried the tattooed picture of two boxes.

From the tattoo mark, and from fingerprint impressions they were able to take, the arm was identified as belonging to James Smith, a billiard-maker of 45, who had been missing for about three weeks.

Smith had been charged on a minor offence some time previously. Other information about him was that he had been born in Lancashire, had been a boxer at one time, and also a saloon proprietor.

Until about the time of his disappearance, the police discovered, he had been employed by a well-known Sydney boat-builder, Reginald Holmes.

Holmes and Smith had been involved together in the sinking of an over-insured yacht a year before. Holmes had owned the yacht. Smith had been the only man on board when she caught fire and foundered.

So it was to Holmes that the police went to see if he could throw any light on the tattooed

arm. They had a great many interviews with this excitable, erratic boat-builder, whose fortune they had good reason to believe was founded on a big smuggling ring operating round Sydney.

All of what they learnt from Holmes we do not know because (for legal reasons which will soon be obvious) his full statements never came out in court.

But talk he undoubtedly did, with the result that, less than a month after the shark regurgitated the tattooed arm, a man named Patrick Brady was arrested and charged with the murder of James Smith. Brady was known to the police but there were no convictions against him for violence.

A Sensation

Eagerly Sydney awaited to hear what Holmes had to say to the coroner at the inquest on James Smith and as a witness at the trial of Brady. But he was not to give that testimony.

In the early hours of the morning before the inquest the city was given another sensation. Holmes was found murdered.

Huddled over the wheel of his car almost under the pylons of Sydney Harbour Bridge, Holmes was discovered at 1 a.m. with three bullets in his body. The passenger door was open and there was evidence to show that

he had been shot by someone whom he knew well and who had been in the car with him.

But even if Holmes was dead there was still his wife weeping and collapsing in the coroner's court to have her say. Her story was that Patrick Brady had visited their home on the morning of April 9—the day after Smith was first missed.

She said that Brady's arms were cut and blood-stained and that he carried a kitbag which she recognised as Smith's.

Despite protests from Brady's counsel she was permitted by the coroner to say that her husband had told her that Brady had murdered Smith, had put his body in a trunk and had afterwards emptied it into the sea.

Damning as all this seemed against Brady he was not convicted. Two things helped his acquittal.

The first was that as the Supreme Court ruled an arm did not constitute a body, and a murder charge required a body. In vain the precedent of the Crippen case (in which the production of a vital organ was held sufficient) was cited.

The second was because the judge refused to accept Mrs. Holmes's evidence. Her statement about what her murdered husband had said could only be regarded as hearsay; he was not there to corroborate it. The judge also refused to admit the statement Holmes made to the police before his death.

A month after Brady's discharge two other men were charged with the murder, but they too were acquitted for much the same reasons: Whoever threw James Smith to the sharks and silenced Reginald Holmes with three bullets had succeeded in his (or their) purpose.

There, as far as official records are concerned, the story ends. If Brady is alive he is not heard of now, and both the men accused of the murder disappeared with the newspaper headlines.

Two Theories

The rest is bar-room talk, the endless speculation in Sydney about what really happened. The most obvious theory was that James Smith had been persuaded by Holmes to destroy the yacht in the previous year by offers of a handsome cut from the insurance money, but when the suspicious insurance company had failed to pay up Smith never got his money.

He turned nasty and began to threaten Holmes with exposure, and so Holmes decided he must be got rid of. He employed someone, who we must call X, to murder Smith, and X, after dismembering the body put it in a weighted trunk and threw it in the sea.

There was a 14ft. tiger shark in their net... but they did not know that their catch would be the start of Australia's most astonishing murder mystery.

Later when the police put the heat on Holmes X saw the danger to himself if Holmes ever went into the witness box and decided he must be silenced.

There were two theories about the arm. Most of the detectives in the Sydney Homicide Squad believed that Smith's murderer overlooked the arm when packing the trunk and threw it weighted separately in the water, where the shark got it.

A more gruesome version was that the murderer kept the arm with its unmistakable tattoo marks to show Holmes that he had done the deed, and then, to get rid of it, fed it to the shark in Coogee Beach Aquarium.

The last theory seems improbable but it does help to explain one mystery which otherwise cannot be explained—how it was that the arm remained for at least a week inside the shark without being digested.

PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

Make your bow to King Beetroot—He can drag down a government

IF ever you drive south from the Channel ports bow slightly to right and left of you at the vast fields of beetroot stretching as far as the eye can see. You will thereby be making obeisance to King Beetroot, the unacknowledged maker and breaker of French Governments.

The story of France's beetroot growers is so outrageously and cynically funny that it might have been invented by a great satirist. There are one and a half million of them, constituting the best organised pressure group in the country, and linked with the alcohol interests the most powerful lobby in the French Parliament.

Governments defy them at their peril, as the history of ex-Premier, M. Laval, France so strikingly showed.

THE RACKET

And while Governments come and go they continue to bleed the French Treasury to the tune of 20 million pounds a year—a sum which is more in the nature of an outright gift than a subsidy. This is how the racket works: every year farmers take their enormous surplus of beet-

root to be distilled and converted into raw and industrial alcohol.

This alcohol, of which the last few years there has been an annual surplus of a million and a half beetroots, is then bought and stocked by the State. The alcohol costs the State the fixed price of two shillings a litre. It is then sold—

if and when a market for some of the surplus can be found for the top available price of between 6d. and 8d. a litre.

JETTISONED

Meanwhile, with a growing accumulation of unwanted alcohol, the pressure on storage space is so great that every year huge quantities of alcohol are simply jettisoned to make room for new supplies. It all started during the 1914-18 war, when France was in urgent need for alcohol for its explosives and decided to subsidise an increase in beetroot production.

Since then the production of beetroots has continued to increase until it now covers 1,200,000 acres. Because its useless production is so profitable, many farmers in regions other than the traditional beet-growing north have taken to it in recent years.

When in power, M. Laval

France passed a decree instituting the gradual transfer of two-thirds of the beetroot production from the distillers to the sugar refineries. He felt shortly after, and these decrees remain in abeyance.

The leader of the beetroot growers lobby in Parliament is a handsome 49-year-old. Right Wing M.P. M. Jean Legendre. His parliamentary speeches are devoted to only two subjects: the insufficiently high price of beetroots and anti-Communism, on which, too, he is a considerable authority.

SPECULATION

There is some speculative gambling here on the outcome of what has become known as the Dubonnet divorce stakes.

It is the case of mother and daughter suing for divorce simultaneously and the betting is on which will get the first. The mother, Mrs. Puckle, wife of a retired London stockbroker and former wife of M. Andre Dubonnet of the French spirit firm, is suing for divorce for the seventh time.

Her daughter is 22-year-old Anne Dubonnet, who is suing for divorce after only eight months of marriage to M. Claude Fausse, proprietor of the rival Pernod spirit firm.

JACK BUCHANAN has been chosen to play the part of the military attaché, slightly dandified retired Indian Army officer who is the central character in the best-selling, gentle satire, "The Diaries of Major Thompson."

The film will be made in France, directed by Preston Sturges. Marlene Dietrich will be playing opposite Buchanan.

Buchanan's pay: £1,500 a week for 10 weeks.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Marshall Juhl.—Every public statue should wear a hat.

Minister of the Interior, M. Bourgeois-Maunory.—Don't sneer at our Paris pigeons. They are migratory and exactly the same as those you photograph outside St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.

Comedian Jean Marais.—Women love to bring the beast out in men, especially if it is a mink.

Playwright Henry de Montherlant.—Women would be the most enchanting creatures in the world if in falling into their arms one did not fall into their hands.

Political note.—The neutralist political weekly, "Observateur," served dry martinis, scotch, champagne and vodka at its annual birthday party.

Miniature Masterpieces for Milady...

ROLEX

Superbly elegant—Precisely accurate
Rolex offer a miniature watch of superb elegance, yet with a movement large enough to be a marvel of accuracy—truly the best obtainable!



RUTH — that was the name of the young volunteer on guard at settlement in Palestine in 1938 who first introduced Wingate to the tough qualities and courage of the Jewish secret army. She was a veteran of five fierce skirmishes with marauding Arabs. From her example came girl soldiers like the one in this picture taken in 1948. This one is shown carrying a gun for Hagana in the battle for Jaffa, the bitterest engagement of the Arab-Jewish war.

WINGATE SHOWS HIS HAND TO THE SECRET ARMY—AND ANGERS WAVELL, HIS CHIEF

'THIS MAN WILL LEAD YOU TO YOUR DEATHS'

—Wingate tells the Jews as he denounces an Arab spy

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL WAVELL once said of General Wingate: "That man will end the war either leading his troops as a field-marshal or attending his own trial at a court-martial."

There is a possibility that, had not he died in Burma in 1944, both might have happened to him.

It was in Palestine, between the years 1938 and 1939, that he sowed the seeds from which sprouted future military greatness and a pugnacious talent for military and political insubordination.

Orde Wingate was now 33 years old, a captain in the Royal Artillery. He had been appointed an intelligence officer to the British Army in Palestine under Brigadier (later General) Evers, who commanded the 18th Brigade from his headquarters on Mount Carmel overlooking Haifa.

For perhaps the first time in his life—and it was not to last long—Wingate was a happy man, luxuriating in his Biblical surroundings and sharpening his mind and his ideas on unending conversations with the Jews with whom he came in contact. The Jews, seeking to end the mandate and build a national home for their people, were not slow in seeking him out, once they realised where his sympathies lay.

By this time Wingate had been warned by his superiors on Brigadier Evers's staff that he

should beware of being too frank or forthcoming with his new Jewish friends, particularly two named David Hachon and Emmanuel Wilenski. Our Intelligence agents believed (accurately, it turned out) that Hachon and Wilenski were both important chiefs of the Hagana, the secret Jewish army, and that Wilenski was its Intelligence officer.

This whetted rather than blunted Wingate's desire to be with them, and much of his time was spent in their company, particularly Wilenski, with whom he became an intimate friend. It was not long before a report reached the Hagana saying: "I am convinced that Wingate is our friend and can be trusted with our secrets, even from the British."

Gun-runners

SHORTLY afterwards Wingate was moved to a desk job at Jerusalem under the headquarters commander, General (later Field-Marshal) Wavell. The routine work fretted and frustrated him. His superiors were apt to become infuriated by his habit of answering his telephone not with "Hello, Captain Wingate here" but in Hebrew with "Shalom, Wingate". He was busy learning Hebrew from an instructor named Zaslau. He did not know that Zaslau (now Israel Minister in Washington) had been attached to him by the Jewish Secret Army to keep an eye on him, just in case.

It was the time when the Arab rebellion in Palestine was just beginning to gather momentum.

Trouble along the Syrian frontier. From the Arab lands gangs were moving in with loads of smuggled guns; guns pledged to preserve the mandate; guns to wipe out the Jews moving into new settlements.

It was the beginning of a phase in the fast-footed history of the British mandate over Palestine when the shots which killed our soldiers and the attacks which destroyed our buildings were inspired by the Arabs, led by a swashbuckling Syrian named Kauklji.

Wingate sent in one of his matchless memos to General Wavell. He pointed out how much more effective a campaign against the furtive enemy could be fought if only the soldiers possessed better information about the Arab methods of infiltration. He asked permission to write a report on the incidence, type, and numerical strength of the marauders.

Invitation

It seemed to Wavell's subordinates, who were now both bored and suspicious of Wingate, to be a most admirable excuse to banish him to the illing cabinets, and permission was granted. He, on the other hand, interpreted it as permission for him to go into the field and look over the frontiers between Palestine and the Arab countries for himself.

He spent some time at Jewish settlements named Tirt Zui and Alkim, on the edge of the Syrian frontier at the southern tip of Galilee; and perhaps because a tough girl settler on guard gave him a cold welcome with a rifle when he tried an unorthodox entrance over the settlement wall, his busy mind suddenly stopped its incisive buzzing and swooped down on an idea.

These Jews in the settlement were a campaign-conditioned people. They knew the ground far better than any British soldier. They had much more reason to destroy the Arabs,

who were threatening their settlements, than the British Army. He would use them to wipe out the Arab gangs.

It does not seem to have occurred to Wingate to go back to General Wavell in Jerusalem and discuss his conclusions. He went instead to Haifa to see Wilenski, the Intelligence officer of the Hagana.

"I have a scheme for hitting back at the Arab gangs," he said, "but I have to get more information before I submit it to the British Army. You can help me to get that information. I want you to ask the Jewish Agency to get me some boys from the settlement to accompany me into the Arab territories to pick up some prisoners."

But the leaders of the Hagana did not trust Wingate and they refused to help him. Wingate next wrote a message to Moshe Shertok, political head

Continuing the story of Britain's strangest hero

by LEONARD MOSLEY

of the Jewish Agency, asking him for an interview. The reply came the next day: Come at noon.

For once Orde Wingate, who usually kept a special, grease-stained uniform to wear when meeting important personages, as a mark of his indifference to them, had spiced himself, out like a subaltern on his first parade. He walked, shoulders hunched, into the large room where Shertok received his visitors, ignored the chair set for him, and clamped a stare of cold anger upon the Jewish political chief.

"Shertok," he said, "why do you spend so much time listening to your enemies the British and ignoring the proffered help of your friends?"

At which he turned round and walked out.

Pioneer camp

A FEW days later a message from the Jewish Secret Army was left for Wingate. He could have the Jewish boys that he wanted to accompany him into the Arab territories.

Not long afterwards, he arrived at a settlement called Hanita, Northeast of Haifa. It was a new Jewish settlement and was under frequent attacks from the Arabs of a village across the frontier, and several men and girls had already been killed.

He was seen by two veteran settlement fighters, Zvi Brenna and Moshe Dayan (now General of the Israel Army), and though Wingate was vouched for and guaranteed by Hagana, they were suspicious of him.

Dayan and Brenna conferred together, and it was decided that Brenna should share a tent with Wingate for the night and keep an eye on him. "I discovered it was extremely difficult," said Brenna. "I woke once and looked for Wingate and found he had gone. I searched everywhere, the latrines, kitchens, the perimeter, but he had vanished. I searched for over an hour, and then went back to the tent again; and there he was, fast asleep, or pretending to be fast asleep."

Hanita after darkness was rather like a pioneer camp of covered wagons parked in hostile Indian country. Beyond its confines death lurked. No one was allowed to leave without a guard.

* And, now, as Moshe Shertok, Prime Minister of Israel.

"But Wingate," Brenna recalled, "used to disappear without anyone seeing him, and return again in a couple of hours. The fact that he moved so far from our settlement and always returned safely made many of our people sceptical as to his real intentions. We could not forget that he was a British Intelligence officer, and some suspected him of contacting the Arab gangs."

One day he asked Brenna to accompany him on a walk outside the camp. Another settler went with them. "I imagined we were going for a stroll, but soon found out how wrong I was. Wingate led the way at a brisk pace towards some distant hills. Almost immediately we were in hostile country, and the further we got the remoter became our chances of ever getting back. Wingate marched us for three hours, and seemed to know exactly where he was going. When he stopped he pointed at a house across the valley. It was an Arab meeting place, he said, and he wanted to look it over."

Brenna nervously suggested going back for reinforcements. "Don't worry," said Wingate. "I will go alone and you two wait here. If I am not back in two hours, return to the settlement."

Two hours passed and no Wingate. The two Jews made their way back. They were very worried. They were sure Wingate had been killed, and wondered how they would explain it to the Army. They were tapping the gloomy news to the members of Hanita when there was a shout from the guard, and Wingate marched in, grimaced and dusty, but otherwise unscathed. He had searched the hut, dodged an Arab patrol, and come back.

Change tactics

HE looked at the groups of settlers and said: "And now I had better tell you why I am here. I have been watching the way you Jews have been fighting back against the Arabs, and it is no good. You must change your tactics. The trouble is that you wait for the Arabs to come in and kill you. It is no use. We will never win that way. We must go out and meet the enemy in the open, near his villages. Carry the battle to him."

"We," repeated Dayan, sceptically. "Yes, WE," said Wingate. "I am one of you in this. I will fight with you. I will teach you. I will lead you. I will show you how to save your settlements and your people." He went back to Haifa that evening, and while he was away the local Hagana committee had a meeting. They decided that Wingate was right; that they must attack the Arabs in order to defend themselves from them. They drew up a plan.

Next day an Arab who earned sums from the settlement Jews for spying for them arrived at Hanita. He knew the country-side well. The Hagana had decided that, for their first attack, they would march on a village just over the frontier in the Lebanon, 20 miles across the valley. But "would they be able to find their way through the scrub and make of goat tracks? They decided to detain the Arab spy, and then force him, when evening came, to lead them to their target."

Questioning

THEY had settled on their plan when Wingate walked into the camp. He was furious when he discovered they had planned to operate without him, and he told them that he decided to continue on a larger scale.

He handed the report to the Jewish settler to give to the first British military despatch rider he saw, brushed his dusty

Arabic, all the while staring into the man's eyes as if he were trying to hypnotise him. "This man is planning to lead you to your deaths," he shouted, suddenly swinging round on the watch-reg Jews. "Now let us stop all this nonsense. It is about time a soldier took charge of you, for you are babies. You wish to go on the raid against the Arabs over there tonight. All right. You will go. But this is a wicked man, will not lead you. I will take you there."

He looked them over as if they were cretinous children. "I want seven of you to come with me and we will plan a campaign."

He picked Moshe Dayan, Zvi Brenna, and five others. They listened for three hours while he talked to them.

Then the expedition of revenge set out.

With a compass in one hand and a map in the other, Wingate set off ahead of them across the wilderness along the frontier; and he never seemed to make a mistake. They went straight into Lebanon territory to the West of the Arab stronghold, and then began to go back. By three in the morning at the end of the most strenuous 30-mile walk even these rural Jews had ever experienced, Wingate halted his column. "I shall go forward alone and reconnoitre," he said. "If I don't come back, make your own way home. But watch for my signal."

They waited hugging the ground, weary, hungry and thirsty, and watched. And soon came the signal from across the hill and they moved into positions for attack, according to a plan Wingate had made for them.

His triumph

FROM the outskirts of the village came a shot and they knew that Wingate had fired it. After which came Arab shots, and lights, and then—straight into the trap, he had laid for them—came the Arabs. They killed five. They captured four.

The captured Arabs were forced to reveal the whereabouts of their arms cache. Wingate and the Jews went into the village, loaded as much as they could, and set off back.

They crept through the thick scrub along the frontier, halting frequently to listen to the sounds of Arabs in the vicinity searching for them.

The Jews were now so thirsty that they were picking wild pumpkins and tearing them apart, sucking at their insides for moisture. But Wingate showed no sign of distress. And at last they came back.

The Jewish column went wearily, but triumphantly, to bed in the settlement. Wingate retired to one of the huts, where he stripped off all his clothes. He had raided the kitchens for onions. These he chewed raw as, naked, he wrote out a report of the night's work.

Wingate begged to report that his method of infiltration against the raiders had proved so successful in a small-scale experiment that he decided to continue on a larger scale.

He handed the report to the Jewish settler to give to the first British military despatch rider he saw, brushed his dusty



WINGATE—BUSH SHIRT AND CORDUROYs
He wore a grease-stained tunic to meet V.I.P.s.

body vigorously all over with a toothbrush, and then lay back. "I want seven of you to come with me and we will plan a campaign."

The Hanita raid was one of those occasions when Wingate, driven by the desperate needs of the moment, was coldly, almost imperiously, ruthless. But with the Arabs, as with the Italians and Japanese he was to fight later, he could be considerate and gentle. He always saw that his prisoners had food and water, even if it meant going short himself.

Loan of coat

ONCE, after a skirmish with a gang in which several Arabs had been captured, Moshe (now General) Dayan was awakened by the sound of talk. They were sleeping in an open wadi. He found that Wingate had given his greatcoat to a young Arab prisoner who had been mourning with fright, and was now talking to him in Arabic, assuring him he had nothing to fear. "A course or savage man makes a bad soldier," was one of his maxims and he tried to follow it.

But, when the necessity was there, he did not hesitate to kill or to punish. As a man who believed that he was an instrument of the justice and the wrath of God, there was no need for hesitation.

In trouble

WHEN British Army H.Q. in Jerusalem received Wingate's report on the raid on the Arab stronghold, furious staff officers were beginning to foam at the mouth. Wingate had committed the cardinal sin against British policy at that time in Palestine. He had taken Jews out into action and encouraged them to kill Arabs. He had done it without asking permission. He had not even bothered to tell the area commander that he was in the district.

"Tell Captain Wingate he is ordered to report to me at once," commanded General Wavell. "And you do not need to conceal the fact from him that he is in it."

The Hagana sent a secret message to its headquarters. "Haydid is in trouble with the British."

Haydid was Hagana's code-word for Wingate. It is Hebrew for The Friend.

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NEXT WEEK:

'Ban him from Palestine'

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

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ENDURANCE

TWO MEN from the WILDS RAISE the QUESTION: HOW LITTLE FOOD do you really NEED to LIVE?

St. John's, Newfoundland.
HOW long would you expect to stay alive on two tins of jam, a pound of prunes and a few tablets of salt if you were LOST IN THE SNOW?

Two English livers, who were reported missing in the snow-bound wilds of Newfoundland, can now give the answer. They reached civilisation safely 10 days after crash-landing deep in the Newfoundland forests.

It all began when David Cobley, aged 31, of Birmingham, and Nick Temperley, aged 41, of Richmond, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ran into heavy fog while taking a helicopter to the International Grenfell Mission town of St. Anthony.

Cobley, the pilot, had to crash-land the helicopter into some fir trees.

Then the pair had to decide a tricky question: to wait for rescue or try to get back to civilisation on their own?

They decided to walk to — clad only in overalls and light jackets; and with those two tins of jam, the pound of prunes and a few tablets of salt.

For water, they ate snow and sucked the fog-soaked branches of the fir trees. Says Cobley:—

"We had to take it easily in the deep snow and thick forests. We walked until the afternoon, then started a trek to dry ourselves out."

"We never doubted that we would make it safely."

NOT A BAD FEAT

Meanwhile, searchers did not doubt that they would NOT make it. They had abandoned hope when the two men walked into the little fishing settlement of Little Harbour Deep (pop. 52).

A doctor who looked them over pronounced them "a bit fatigued but otherwise fine."

Not a bad feat of British endurance. And it makes you wonder just how much food you do really need to go on living.

Earlier this year two men lived through 44 days in a blizzard — again in Newfoundland — and for days at a time had no food at all.

They were Donald Baird, aged 22, and an Eskimo called Colachie, and they got caught by the blizzard on a 300-mile trek to Frobisher Bay. Said Donald:—

"Food ran low... we had to kill five of our dogs."

Then there was Justin Rodriguez, of Finsbury Park, London, who last year led his five children, aged nine to 17, on a 600-mile barefoot march through Burma.

It took them three weeks and they lived on nothing but a little rice and fish.

And they were apparently none the worse for it.

How long could you survive if you had no solid food at all? Indefinitely — if you could get some milk. For milk is the one perfect "food."

Without milk you could last out say, 60 to 70 days. But NOT lost in the snow or trekking across Burma.

Jack White

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT

How 100 people owned up to their secret anxieties

By JOHN S. MATHER

THE purpose of this experiment is to inquire into the personal anxieties predominant in the minds of people today.

One hundred people have been gathered into the inquiry. People rich and poor; people living in the country and in the heart of the big cities; young people and old people.

Most of those whose analysed answers you will be reading are unknown people and they have spoken under the pledge of anonymity.

But among the unknowns are some familiar — and famous — faces. We begin with...

Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY

Sir Robert Boothby, Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, Officer of the Legion of Honour, M.P., yanked his dressing-gown about his sturdy middle, cradled his pummled legs, and considered the question: "What is your biggest personal anxiety?"

A long moment. The hydrogen bomb? The Big Four talks? The economic situation?

"I'm most afraid," said Sir Robert, "of getting too fat."

And that was the surprising start to an investigation that was full of surprises.

For you may have thought that eminent people must somehow always have eminent worries. That only the rest of

us can be afflicted with those hideous human anxieties you know, the shameful ones — which are all the harder to put up with, because we consider them weakness.

All wrong. And here are four famous — and very honest — people to prove it, by telling you THEIR secret anxiety, the one that normally they would never want to talk about.

Sir Robert, of course. Then Sir Adolphe Abrahams, Harley Street doctor and medical adviser to the International Athletic Board, Michaela Denis, the TV explorer, and Diana Wynyard, the actress.

Sir Robert was in the bathroom of his flat in London's Eaton Square. Looking down at an opened drawer,

"There you are," he said, "Yes, there they were. Fifty-five bottles and boxes. Of pills. All shapes and colours — and all different."

"I have great faith in pills — ANY pills," said Sir Robert, with his TV grin. "I've no idea what they do — I just take them."

"Here, look at this lot... my special pride." The author of "I Fight to Live" (his autobiography), unscrewed a glass jar. Packed with more pills and capsules — eight kinds, all mixed, up and absolutely no knowing which was which.

"I woke up in the morning feeling wonderful. 'There's nothing wrong with me, mind you. Perfectly fit. My doctor tells me off about my pills. He says I must have a constitution of iron to survive them.'"

"Well, Sir Robert is a good deal fatter of 55 than many men years younger. And his shape is just right for his girth. 'I really would like a slim, youthful figure,' he said. 'It's a constant battle between this wish and self-indulgence.'"

"On the whole self-indulgence wins. You see, I'm very greedy..."

Sir Robert had one afterthought: "I have got another big worry. Call it a secondary one."

"About the world situation. I'm quite worried about it being blown to smithereens..."

Sir ADOLPHE ABRAHAMS, one of Harley Street's most famous doctors, said:— "I can tell you instantly what I'm most afraid of — poverty. It terrifies me."

"It is quite irrational, of course; but most human fears are irrational. They exist and we have to put up with them."

He was in the library of the Westminster Hospital, where he is consulting physician. It was very quiet, and Sir Adolphe talked in low tones — of the thing that appals him.

"I have the fear," he said, "that I might become poor, really poor, and have to go and live in the slums — the kind I knew as a student 50 years ago. Oh, I know they don't exist any more, but I said this fear was irrational."

"This fear leads me to practise some rather absurd economies. I never spend money on taxis though, mind you. I'm sometimes absurdly extravagant in other ways."

"For instance, I'm afraid of under-lipping. Moral cowardice, of course; but then I admit I'm a moral coward in some things."

"I'm not afraid of pain or

disease, or even death. And I'm not afraid of heights and water."

"My idea of real horror: to be aboard a sinking ship, and have to jump into the water from an upper deck."

MICHAELA DENIS, the ex-colour and television personality — with no record in her lap but with two monogamous in her bathroom — told of all the things that do not terrify her (spiders, snakes and upwards to elephants) and of the one thing that does. "Drowning," she said. "I have to do a lot of underwater work and it makes me really scared."

"I'm not a good swimmer. I was taught in Australia about four years ago by a little girl called Ann — she couldn't have been more than three."

"Soon I've got to be tipped out of a canoe for a TV programme."

"It terrifies me."

Michaela and her husband, Armand, hunt wild animals with cameras, and Michaela has been in some pretty tricky spots. Never scared?

"Never," she said. "I always feel very calm when there's real danger."

But I tell you what: does scare me — UNFIDELITY. I get into a queer sort of panic in unkind surroundings and it doesn't go off until I've got everything neat."

DIANA WYNWARD tucked her knees under her chin, looked 15 instead of nearly 50, and said:—

"I'm not afraid of my age — I'm 49. I'm not afraid of growing old, and I'm not afraid of poverty. I started with very little and I could go back to very little."

And then Miss Wynyard, talking in her flat overlooking the London Zoo ("I can see the elephants from my bedroom"), said what she is afraid of. "I'm very afraid that any sweets I've had in the past has been a fluke. A fluke I can't repeat."

"This fear comes up very time I begin rehearsal for a new play. I'm afraid I'll suddenly wake up and find I'm not really an actress at all."

"I think I can't do it — it's all been luck. And then, after I've had a thoroughly uncomfortable time of it, the fear passes off."

Any other fears? One — moths. "Not the little golden ones — the big ones. They flap round the light and I switch the light out to make them go away. And then, in the darkness, I don't know where they've gone."

Well, is it moths — or the H-bomb? On this page on Monday begins the analysis of what comes to light when 100 people own up...



DID IT HAPPEN? Another story to keep you guessing. The answer will be given on Monday

PROPHECY at the party

'Your husband will be drowned at sea before he is 35'

By URSULA BLOOM

IT was in the 1920s that I married my second husband, a naval officer. I had been a widow for some time before I fell in love, and we were wonderfully happy. At first he was serving abroad, and it was while I was in England that this happened. One evening I was asked to a literary party which I was told would be the greatest fun. It was one of those lively parties, made a good deal livelier by the fact that a famous fortune-teller was installed in the study. I have always had a certain hesitation about this sort of thing, not because I do not believe in it, but perhaps because I do, which is a far stronger reason. I hung back.

"Oh, but she really is most remarkable, and what she predicts always come true," my hostess urged, and finally, because I could think of no further excuse, I was ushered into the study where the fortune-teller sat.

Like a book

She was a middle-aged woman with searching eyes, and about her a composure that was arresting. She took my hand, and I admit that she read it like a book. She told me of my first husband's death, my widowhood, my writing, and my marriage; then she stopped abruptly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"How old is your husband?"

"He is 33," I told her.

She nodded, then went on with my hand. "He is something to do with the sea, I gather, and he will be drowned before he is 35. There will be a collision, and he will be entangled in a rope."

I was completely horrified, and wished that I had never allowed the hostess to persuade me to go into the study. I left as soon as I could, but when I got home that night I could not

sleep. I did not write and tell my husband. I did not want him to know, but I admit it worried me terribly. This anxiety was intensified by the fact that within the next few weeks something she had predicted occurred. My husband returned quite unexpectedly to take up a new appointment. One morning he walked into the house, just as she said. "This is the day of days!" he said, "they've sent me back to the shore job I most wanted; and everything in our garden is lovely."

A reprieve

A shore job looked like a reprieve, for he said it would last at least two years. I felt that if he stayed, ashore until he was 35, then we should be safe. Just before we went down to Portsmouth, to take up the job in the Vernon, I happened to run into the fortune-teller herself, when I was shopping in the King's Road, Chelsea.

Instantly she recognised me, and stopped me. "Has any of it come true?" she asked. "But of course your husband is back from Malta, as I said?"

"Yes, he's back," I admitted, "and going to a shore job for a couple of years by which time he will be over 35."

"I know," she told me, "but that job won't last the two years."

I turned away and left her, for I couldn't bear any more. I went down to Portsmouth, but I was so wretched over it all that finally I decided that I'd tell my husband, hoping that he would laugh me out of it. He was one of the happy-go-lucky N.O.s whose very matter-of-factness should have helped me.

In the country

I told him one day when we had gone into the country nearby to gather cowslips. We sat down on a grass bank, and I told him, probably because he gave me the opening. "You haven't been yourself lately? Anything the matter?" I thought you'd like being here for a couple of years."

Then it came out. The prediction that he would be drowned at sea before he was 35, worsened by the fact that when I met the woman in the King's Road, she had stuck to her story.

My husband did not look at me. He sat chewing a grass and staring into the distance. After a while, I asked, "Is anything wrong?"

"No, not exactly wrong, but I've heard all that before."

"You've heard it before? But you can't have done. I have never mentioned it till now."

He shook his head. "It was told me when I was serving in Hongkong. I went out with some chaps one evening and there was a little Chinese girl who told fortunes. We went in to see her, and she said I'd be drowned before I was 35. Also that it would be a collision, and I'd get myself entangled in a rope."

"His voice sounded queer, and I realised that I should never have told him what had happened to me."

"But it can't be true," I said, as brightly as I could. "Nobody can foretell when a person is going to die, and Chinese girls nor my woman really knew. It just can't be true."

Rather strange

A trifle stiffly he said, "No, of course it can't be true," but I knew that he was not happy, and was privately quite sure that this would happen. We tried to talk gallantly of other things but I think we were both reckoning up the number of months until he was 35, when we could consider it safe.

We tried to forget it. The thing to do was to uproot it like some ugly weed in a garden, and throw it away — if we could. Thirty-five seemed a long time ahead that first spring in Portsmouth!

By the next spring we had managed to live it down a little. My husband was installed in the Vernon, and we got through the subsequent summer happily enough. Possibly both of us had decided that it didn't do to think about things that were hurtful; it was far better to pretend that they just weren't there.

It was on a September day that he came back in the afternoon, walking in and throwing down his cap, looking rather strange.

"I've been appointed to the Hood," he said.



Drawing by SHOWELL.

The fortune-teller nodded... and then went on with my hand...

In a single instant the whole formidable fear was brought back into the room with us, and before I could stop myself I had gasped. "But—but she'll go to sea?"

"Of course she'll go to sea."

To me the worst had happened! Being a woman I begged him to do something about it. I insisted that I would desert rather than go through with it. That made him laugh, but it was a grim laugh for all that. After a while I realised that now we could only leave it with fate, and pray for the best, but I knew that both of us were very unhappy over it.

By this time I had the days marked off to his 35th birthday, and was praying that something would happen to stop her sailing. For the moment she was at Portsmouth and should be there for some weeks. Something has got to happen, I kept telling myself. My husband never mentioned it.

A grey smudge

There came an autumn day when the sea was roughish, that sullen shade of grey that is flecked with little pencil lines that are chalky. Mist was hanging about. We had had breakfast and he went off to catch the 8 o'clock picket boat from the dockyard. It was the married officers' boat, and always crowded out, which worried me.

Some time after he had gone, I glanced out at the sea. The Hood was just a grey smudge at Spithead, the only warship there for the moment, and although she had said that the sea was nothing, trying to laugh at my anxiety, I thought it looked very nasty from the window. There was no doubt about it. I was determined to worry.

After a time I had to put my writing away, because I just couldn't do it. In my heart there was the feeling that I awaited disaster, and at this very moment something was

happening to us. There were still a couple of months to my husband's birthday, and I realised that I simply could not face them. I must do something to conquer my anxiety — but what?

The door opened, and my husband entered.

He was wet through, the water running from his uniform into little puddles on the carpet, but his face was more radiant than it had been for weeks.

"It's all right," he cried. "It's absolutely all right. I've had a ducking, and the damned thing is over and done with, thank the Lord."

"What — what's happened?"

'I've come back'

He almost laughed. "A drifter rammed the picket boat while we were still in the harbour. If we'd gone down without a doubt the whole lot of us would have been drowned, but, by the grace of God, she righted herself. Heaven alone knows how, but she did. She's out of action, and I've come back for dry clothes, and... Here's what's the matter with you?"

When I came round he was still saying that he could not think how they'd not gone down.

"Well, say something," he urged me.

I looked at him. "I'll never have my fortune told again," was what I said.

I never have.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Tick off in space above and watch for the answer on Monday, when there will be a new story by

GEOFFREY GORER

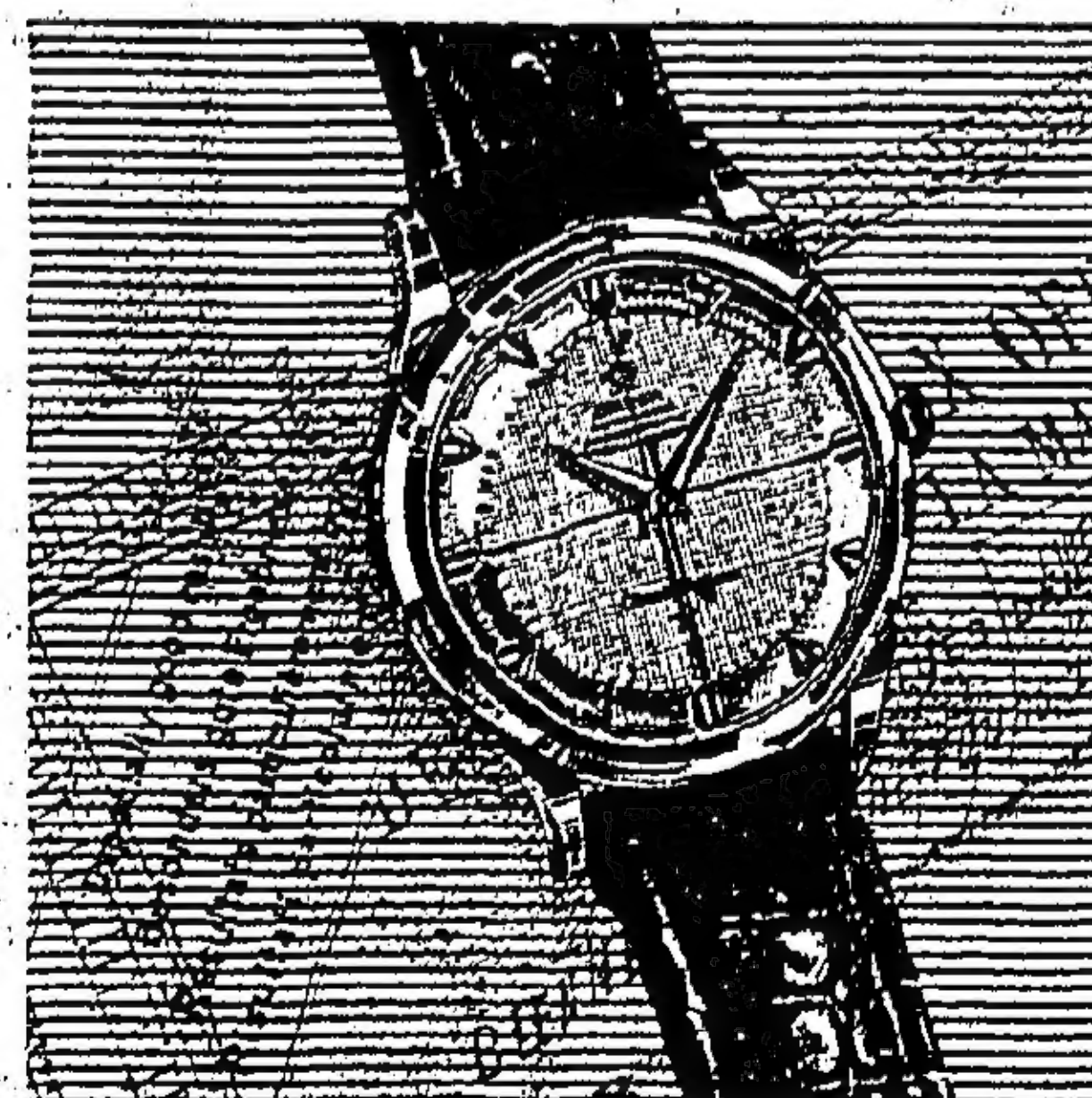
Did yesterday's story actually happen? Answer: YES.

What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

Before you buy a chronometer, look to see whether it is officially certified with "especially good results." Every Omega Constellation is Automatic, waterproof, shock-proofed, antimagnetic.



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OMEGA Constellation

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA *Mast*

PLAN TO PREVENT RACE CRASHES

By BASIL CARDEW

How can the car race be made safer for the public? Every country that holds a big car race is now demanding that never again must a Le Mans disaster be possible in an international race.

And Dr Rudolf Uhlenhaut, boss of the German Mercedes team (whose car, driven by Pierre Levegh, was the instrument but not of course, the cause of the 150 casualties at Le Mans), thinks he has the answer. He said to me that his great car racing organisation, spending \$500,000 a year on preparing for and entering the big events, will

"Now the main danger is that the pits are flush with the race track. That is very, very silly. Our suggestion is that they be pushed back at least three car widths from the main track."

"That will deal with danger No. 1."

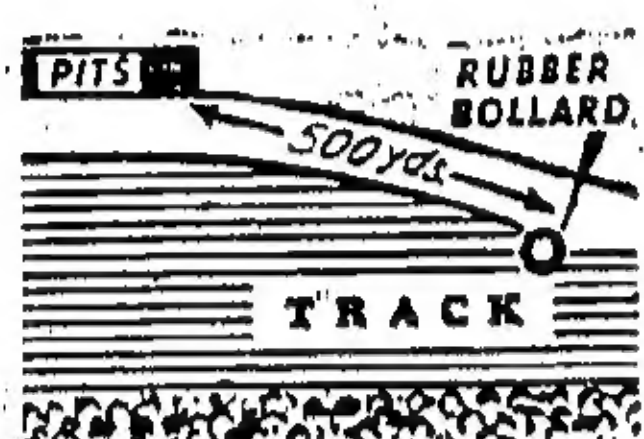
"Our next suggestion is that in the approach to the pits, at least 500 yards down the course, a rubber bollard should be put up to divide the streams of racing traffic. The bollard, being rubber, would give way if a car struck it, causing no major damage."

"And the slowing-down cars heading for the pits would pull to the right of the bollard, steering clear of the faster-moving racing cars. Any manoeuvre they made before entering the right-hand lane would be so far from the pits that an accident would not occur in a spectator-crowded area."

I agree with Uhlenhaut. For years I have watched with fear and wonder cars pulling into the pits and pulling slowly away from them while other cars have flashed by a foot or two away.

And as the speeds of the Grand Prix models, and particularly the 190-200-mile-an-hour sports cars, have increased year by year, the danger has grown greater.

Will the Uhlenhaut plan be adopted? I believe it will be, and that we shall see rubber bollards on every circuit.



THE BOLLARD
It will divide the traffic

shun any meeting if they do not carry out the following plan:—

"It is quite simple," said Uhlenhaut, "and should not cost the circuit owners lots of money."

"Cars come into the pits to refuel or repair, mixing with the others that are passing, perhaps at 200 miles an hour."

"Obviously the two streams must be kept apart."



THE ACTOR

Clifton Webb—A woman must have more than one act to her personality

I DON'T put it down to the surplus women in the population. I don't even put it down to what the late Peter Cheyney said of an attractive woman: "I guess that when they were doing out sex appeal, that babe got a double ration."

But, what is the answer to the numbers of pretty girls who spend their evening sipping coffee together in the cafes, or at home ironing and mending. "There aren't any MEN!" they will. So where are the boys to be found? Sitting in all the fashionable restaurants with other ladies, no more pretty, not necessarily any better dressed (they don't even have so much time to spend ironing their clothes...)

So I decided to tackle some of London's escorts and find out just why the lucky ones are

London, taken out to dinner. I started with Clifton Webb—only, alas, a temporary London escort; he is over here to play the Naval Intelligence Officer in the film, "The Man Who Never Was."

Clifton Webb greeted me in his suite in the Savoy overlooking the Embankment. At 55, he is tall, wiry and elegant, with hair the colour of pepper and salt, a tooth-brush moustache, lightly cynical, pale blue eyes and expressive eyebrows which, as we talked, acted as mute exclamation marks.

"Do you think the women of this generation are as amusing to take out as your own contemporaries?" I asked him.

Puckish smile

"There is a thing called the art of conversation," he pronounced with a twinkling, puckish smile. "If a man wants to take out a specifically glamorous puss to the most fashionable restaurant in order to flatter his ego, let him take her to a place where

there are people, a band, entertainment, and lots of noise; where he can say to her (if he has ulterior motives) 'Why not have another cocktail, dear...' and where they can converse in what I call 'ugg-ugg'; but where there is no necessity whatsoever to talk."

"There are," he continued urbanely, as he lit a cigarette, "there are, I think, two women in the world whose company I enjoy for an evening without a 'buffer.' These are both women with whom, although I may not have seen them for six months, I can take up the conversation where we left it off last time we talked: no polite preambles; no clichés; straight down to cases."

"And does the appearance of an attractive woman influence judgment?"

Two minutes

"Not after the first two minutes, so long as she amuses me. You can, after all, always go out to a toy shop and buy a large, beautiful wax doll to look at across the dinner table. Far less demanding. Like the kind of woman one meets at a party, of whom everyone says 'Isn't she a duck?' The eyebrows punctuated again. "That may be so," he continued, "but the first act—which is all she is capable of playing. A woman must have more than one act to her personality."

"Life is a process of eliminating the extraneous, and I like to spend an evening with precisely the few friends, and in the mood, in which I would have ended it. The perfect evening, with the right woman, is a continuation, not a beginning."

Still questioning, I went on to Park Village West, to have a drink with society portrait painter, Vasco Lazzolo, in his beautiful, tree-shaded house overlooking the Regent Canal.

Mr Lazzolo is gay, 40, and looks the part of a painter; he has an eagerness of manner which you wouldn't exactly call restless, and eyes like a wide-awake baby.

How does he feel about the women he likes to spend his evenings with?



THE ARTIST

Vasco Lazzolo—must put beauty first



THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Charles MacArthur Hardy—Dinner for two in a hunting box

Are You Superstitious?

By Gerald Muirhead



IN the little house at the edge of the airfield runway an attractive woman was trying to peel potatoes with her fingers crossed.

Overhead her husband, test pilot Neville Duke, sat in a jet aircraft as it went on its shrieking way.

The crossed fingers of MRS DUKE were keeping watch and ward over his perilous path.

Superstition, the dictionaries, primitive, cave-dwelling instinct, mumble the deep thinkers. The psychologists, utter a thousand words of explanation.

The fact remains that in the lives of many people today superstition is a slender, certain thread that links their lives to that of the ju-ju worshippers.

THE INSTINCT

MRS DUKE no longer crosses her fingers when she does her housework. There are two reasons. Cooking became too complicated and she felt a little ashamed that she planned her husband's safety on so small a gesture.

But the instinct is still there. A walk round a ladder, a rat for a black cat, a bow to a new moon—they are serious rituals for Mrs Duke. And there is also Friday the 13th.

"There was one horrid moment in Ireland," she told me. "Our car driver ran over

a cat. Neville and I were horrified. We thought it was a black cat. When we ran back and saw the cat we were still upset but very relieved—for it had a white patch."

Adult educated folk, the Dukes, but the colour of a cat's fur can make their hearts beat faster.

THE HOSTESS

I LEFT LADY SHAWCROSS, wife of Sir Hartley, viewing her wardrobe with some alarm. "It seems to have an awful lot of green," she said.

A little earlier she had told me emphatically there was little superstition in her life. But with every sentence the emphasis was diluted.

"Of course, I wouldn't walk under a ladder," said Lady Shawcross. She added defensively, "Well, a paint pot might fall down."

"I don't honestly like seeing the new moon through a window but I just say 'Oh dear' and then forget it."

"I'm not really superstitious. But I wouldn't care to defy superstition."

When there is a political, legal, or domestic crisis in the Shawcross family (according to Lady Shawcross) superstition is never called upon to help. "But I never say my fingers, of course," she added.

THE ACTRESS

GO backstage and regard actress DIANA WYNARD

on any opening night. In front of all is glamour. But in her dressing room Miss Wynard, the star of the show, sits in what many theatrical folk would regard as squalor. There are none of those little gold-plated home comforts... just a shabby chair, a dejected-looking dressing table, and a mirror which has reflected better days.

It was not always thus for Miss Wynard. But she reckons fate has taught her a lesson. She remembers one earlier opening night. Her dressing room had the full treatment. It was ornately redecorated and furnished. The china was expensive, the teaspoons had the Wynard monogram. The show lasted 10 days.

Since then this actress has paid homage to superstition.

After her show has been running a fortnight, she will smuggle in a new teapot to replace the one with the broken spout. Later will come more cheerful curtains.

Superstition for Diana Wynard is a real thing.

THE DRIVER

TODAY that balding, quietly smiling motor-racing champion PIERRE LEVEGH should have been the hero of France.

But there is no car now for the man who believed in fortune with a peasant's fervour. The horoscope promised well for Levegh when he drove off at the start of the Le Mans race. Three hours later he was

dead. So were many of his countrymen who had come to cheer him... and him alone. Levegh left superstition all his life and mould his path. The stars, the numbers, the little silver amulet... these were his protectors.

Just before the race, Pierre Levegh stood with his fingers crossed and tucked in the palms of his hands so that no one should laugh. He made sure he wore that lucky jacket.

Before the eyes of the huge crowds, he walked across to his car and under the guise of a last quick check, patted it three times on the bonnet... a rite he always observed.

At Le Mans in the sunshine, the other day, the roar of his car turned suddenly into the brutal cacophony of buckling metal.

A car, burning fiercely in the sun... one wheel still spinning lazily. A dead man lying beside it.

Superstition did not save Pierre Levegh.

Or had he forgotten one little rite before he gave that last small smile and drove away?

KING GEORGE VI LAID DOWN A GOLDEN RULE FOR HIS FAMILY

THEY FORGE THE LINKS BETWEEN THRONE & PEOPLE

Richard Dimpleby concludes the Royal Success Story

DURING the past few weeks I have tried to show the individual and separate contributions made to the work of the Royal Family since the Coronation by its most prominent members—her Majesty the Queen at the head, her husband, mother, and sister.

But for an example of selfless teamwork in a common cause we need not go beyond the other members, whose activities pass often with scant attention and who deliberately efface themselves in deference to the Sovereign—the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Alexandra, and that lively, forthright surviving granddaughter of Queen Victoria, her Highness Princess Marie Louise.

Grinding task

THEIR common task is not an easy one. They accept gladly a grinding routine of engagements; they live in a world of foundation stones, ship launchings, hospitals, factories, housing estates, and Service inspections. Though they remain resolutely in the background, rarely making speeches of more than straightforward, even routine character, seldom expressing public opinions, they are the constant, unwavering support of the Queen in everything that she does.

Moreover, by the very nature of their public work, with its day-to-day rather than State character, they are the representatives through whom the Queen can show her interest in everything that affects the ordinary life of her people—their health, prosperity, and culture.

It is an odd fact that, little more than four centuries ago, these same personalities would have been the heads of powerful houses, bent not on supporting the Sovereign but on intriguing and rivaling each other for the power of the Throne.

Today they are part of that power and their devotion strengthens the unity that is invested in the Sovereign.

How easy it would be for a Royal Duke or Duchess, faced with a repetitive programme of engagements, to carry them out perfunctorily.

The pattern of the formal royal visit does not change, and the brief speech for one such occasion would serve, at least in outline, for most others.

An example

BUT there is no lack of interest. Instead, the Family follows the rule laid down by George VI, that his representatives (and he himself) should learn as much as possible in advance about each organisation to be visited.

A due to the extent to which this is practised may be found in a comment made by Major-General Fladgate, of the Royal Corps of Signals, after a visit from the Princess Royal. "I sometimes wonder exactly how much her Royal Highness does know about us all!"

The Princess Royal sets an excellent example (as does the Queen Mother) of the useful life that may be led by a widow with grown-up children. In the past two years she has maintained—indeed, increased—her interest in the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Apart from her Service appointments she is president of the T.B. Settlement and closely connected with the work of primary schools. She follows closely the activities of many organisations in the North of England.

Half-and-half

FIELD-MARSHAL the Duke of Gloucester, a Regular soldier, has followed the lead of the Duke of Edinburgh in his up-to-date approach to engagements.

He flew from the garden of Buckingham Palace to Chatham in a helicopter, while the Duchess used a similar machine when she inspected Royal Air Force units in Cornwall.

Not all the Duchess's engagements have been of a routine character. An exception was her acceptance of the Free-

dom of Selkirk on behalf of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief.

She went gravely through the old ceremony of "horse licking," dipping strands of her hair in claret and drawing them across her lips.

The personal position of the lesser members of the Royal Family is curious. They are, in a sense, half royal, half private citizens. A disadvantage in this can be seen in such a simple act as shopping.

If a royal Duchess visits a store she can go entirely privately (which the Queen can never do) and risk the necessity of upsetting a full and busy day's programme by waiting her turn with everyone else, or she can go in her royal capacity and accept the discomfort of drawing a crowd.

But there are advantages too. The Duchess is a keen and accomplished artist, a hobby that she can follow without hindrance, with the result that her work may be seen in Scottish galleries.

Possibly the most notable event in the past two years among the junior members of the Family has been the emergence of Princess Alexandra as a royal personage, a delicate operation that has been handled most skilfully by her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Reinforcement

WHILE the Duke, her brother, has remained almost entirely out of the limelight because of his Army service (though he has the distinction of being the only member of the Royal Family to join the Army as a private soldier), the Princess has gradually taken her place at her mother's side as a reinforcement of the royal team.

A year or two ago Princess Alexandra was a schoolgirl. In October 1953 she went to an establishment in Paris for "finishing." Though, as a royal person, she was not presented to the Queen, she "came out" in May 1954, when she attended her first big ball—appropriately, the Alexandra Rose Ball. In June, having succeeded the Queen as patron of the Junior Red Cross, she made her first appearance alone at a reception at St James's Palace. Next

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Head-hugging hat in stitched velvet.

The Merry Wives Of Wimbledon

By Eileen Anderson

London. WHETHER they also serve, or whether they only stand and wait, Tennis is their business. Day in, day out, summer and winter, they travel the world to watch and play.

They have brought packing to a fine art. They are an authority on "sight-seeing." They boast their husbands' morals, keep an eye on match-winning acts, and worry about the laundry.

That's the story of the merry wives of Wimbledon!

And yet not quite all the story. These wanderers on the face of the tennis earth go "home" once in a blue moon. And it was about "home" that they prattled to me as we strolled around the all-England Club.

Dark and pretty Mrs. Vic Seizis turns most housewife ideas upside down by saying "I'm looking forward to the day when I can spend more time in the kitchen!" Until that day comes she indulges her love of art by dashing into galleries all over Europe, brushes up her Spanish, reads avidly, and keeps one eye on fashion while the other is on her husband's tennis.

TO BE DOMESTICATED

She is quite a girl for fashion. Lots of cotton clothes befitting their pack well, lots of British eschismes and wools, and lots of my favourite pink and green.

Young Mrs. Tony Trabert, with the longest, darkest lashes this side of the silver screen, is looking for china for her home in the U.S.A., and she rocks England is the place to look.

She hasn't had a chance to be domesticated up till now, but it's what she's looking forward to. Which is surprising from an outdoor girl who loves swimming, riding, ice skating—and watching tennis!

The wife of last year's Wimbledon winner and the wife of Britain's No. 1 player have both seen more of home in the last few months than they've seen in the last few years. Mrs. Drobny and Mrs. Mottram are coping with babies as well as tennis husbands and the travel that goes with them.

MOST CHEERFUL

"But let's face it," said Mrs. Drobny, her vivid face filled with vitality and common sense. "The baby doesn't mind who looks after her—and my husband does mind who looks after him! So now Nanzy will look after the baby and I am joining Jaroslav on the rest of his summer tour. I won't be seeing much of home for a bit."

Rita Drobny is just a bit worried about her famous husband. He has had a bad time, what with his legs and appendix. She is making sure he gets lots of rest and swallows no pills!

For newly-married Mrs. Mervyn Rose, "our new home is a six-room bungalow in Melbourne, all light and sunny with pastel walls and lots of built-in furniture."

The Roses are living in a private house in Chelsea for this year's Wimbledon and every morning young Coral dusts, cleans, washes and irons before she and Mervyn set off for the courts.

Mervyn, she says, is the most cheerful man under the sun—and the most untidy.

And last—the latest and newest of Wimbledon wives, Mrs. Lew Hood.

The former Miss Jennifer Staley has a mighty busy time ahead of her in the "home" line. She will be back in Australia six weeks before Lew's American tour is over, and in that six weeks she intends to find a flat, furnish it—and learn to cook. "I had cookery lessons at school, but you seem to forget those, don't you?" she said dismally. You do indeed. But there is hope for Jennifer. "My mother and Lew's mother are both wonderful cooks. I am going to learn all over again from them."

OVERWHELMED

She must also buy a trousseau for a whirlwind wedding doesn't give much time for buying clothes. The youthful Mrs. Hood seemed slightly overwhelmed at the thought of so much to do. But then the youthful Mr. Hood appeared. One adoring glance from those bluest of blue eyes knocked hats, cooking and clothes into a haze of married bliss.

LIFE WITH THE SUNNY SIDE UP

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London. THIS week, I couldn't help it, I felt cheerful. As soon as the sun came out, I thought of beaches, cornfields, strawberries, tennis, children, dusty white roads, long cool drinks, the hum of a lawnmower, and the buzzing of bees.

After a long spell of misanthropy, even people seemed quite nice.

So this is all about life with the sunny side up: people and places, and news, in the sparkle of the sun.

WHEN IN PARIS

I SAT at a cafe by the Seine and wondered why the whole sky was floating with feathers, as though every housewife in Paris was shaking out the mattresses.

I found it was the down from the shivering poplar trees, floating out across the river, up to the roof tops, in through the open windows, filling the air like snow.

I CHASED round the smart boutiques to see what was new in clothes for the sun.

Cotton suits in pastel pique (Strawberry pink, lemon yellow, every jacket easy fitting).

Catigans in flimsy fabrics, with organdie the prettiest, and pique the most practical.

Spanish-looking sun hats of basket-work fitted over cotton bandannas.

I SAW that every second woman in Paris wore a knitted skirt—sometimes with a tailored skirt, sometimes with an overblouse.

London Milliners Share The Same Idea In Fashion

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. LOOKING for a new hat? In search of new styles and colours, I called in on Madge Chard, one of London's best-known milliners.

Madge Chard, in a neat black suit, edged with braid, and a large red rose on the lapel, was there. Pulling hats out of drawers, she tried them on one after the other. "I always wear hats which pull down on one side; that's what my face needs," she says.

★ ★ ★

Three styles came out of the drawer: the helmet cloche, fitting close to the head, but scooped out on the forehead, and softened with fine veiling; the all-year-round hat, a close fitting cap, draped across the head, and made in fine wool jersey; and the sporty variation of the garbo hat, with a wide, wavy brim, intended for country wear.

"Hats are gay this year. There are no pastel colours, but a lot of bright shades," she said. Colours, though bright, are not garish, and include pale turquoise and pink, and trimmings combine green with red, mauve with pink. Velvet and long-haired melusine are the leading materials. Brims are back again, so are half veils of very fine net.

★ ★ ★

Black velvet is one of the smartest materials you could choose just now. Style can vary from a half hat decorated with black osprey, to a big picture hat which relies for effect on its line alone.

Soon some of Madge Chard's customers may be making their own hats. For she is letting them into her trade secrets. She has just opened a school for millinery at her showroom. Those who take the eight-week course, work under trained milliners. Madge Chard thinks it could be an interesting hobby—and one that could be turned to profit, for she is prepared to buy back the finished hats for her own clientele.

She teaches her pupils "how to make any little bit of nonsense that takes their fancy, how to choose the right hat for their face, and how to redo an old hat." She wants to teach it in an interesting way, not to bother too much with the theory, but to plunge into making hats that will be useful and wearable.

From the spiky yellow wall-papered, blue-carpeted showroom of Madge Chard's to the cool, white-walled, black paintwork of Erik's. Different surroundings, but a similar idea in fashion. Here were draped jersey hats in vivid colours; variations on the cloche, though more of a hat here and less of a cloche; and one new sombre colour in an inky blue-black.

At last week's show put on by London milliners, evening hats made a come-back, with small feathered or sequined bands twisted to fit the shape of the head, the popular choice. Second to these came the small pillboxes, something the shape of a tambourine. They sit on top of the head and are usually

made in a plain material, like white satin, and decorated with a jewelled band. Others come in a more unusual material, in a bright pink velvet, for instance, encrusted with silver bead embroidery.

★ ★ ★

With Ascot postponed milliners are still planning for this, the year's most fashionable hat parade. One new style seen at Madge Chard's was designed for a damp Ascot, but would suit a race meeting anywhere. Its umbrella-sized brim of white broderie anglaise was Trubensised to preserve the stiffness, even in the rain. Another hat, this time a boater, was in white lace, topped with a rose and trimmed with a half veil.

Erik makes two suggestions for Ascot. One is the big shady hat; this he makes in black straw, underlining the brim with lily of the valley. The other is the small flowered hat, trimmed with realistic or make-believe flowers, dyed to tone with each other.



Small boater in flaked straw with white peterham trimmings.

IT'S POSSIBLE IN PARIS—Figures Made To Order

Paris. PARISIENNES today are busy getting rid of the extra inches—and taking them off just where desired.

While American soldiers dream of their ideal—the voluptuous and curvaceous French girl of the Folies Bergere—the craze among Parisian women at the moment is the lithe and boyishly slim American proto-type.

A brand new salon, just opened in Paris, is responsible for the fast disappearing curves and pounds knocked off like nine pins.

THE METHOD

Ironically, the salon, and method employed, called Sienderella, is 100 per cent American. This easy and comparatively painless system of reducing is used in 80 salons throughout the United States, but is making its debut in Paris.

French women fondly visualise their percentage of the 80,000-000 lbs which have been lost in America through Sienderella. The key to the new method is a harmless looking, vibrating table, combined with a moderate diet. Every woman knows what foods are fattening, and results are naturally keyed to the strictness of the regime.

The treatment, which lasts forty minutes, is taken from two to five times a week. The table looks like a business man's desk, except for a narrow panel of revolving wheels which perform the concentrated massage that stimulates circulation and the blood stream.

SPOT REDUCING

This modern system, unlike regular massage and Turkish baths, does not involve undressing, or at the most only removing outer clothing.

While the table is in motion, it is actually possible to drop off to sleep, although the experts insist that its six movements are the equivalent of ten miles of horseback riding, or 36 holes of golf.

Weight is an important factor for the very obese woman, but Sienderella's principal pride is spot reducing and the "made to order figure."

A woman of average weight may only lose a few pounds, but can take desired inches off any localized spot such as the hips or thighs.—China Mail Special.

Household Hints

Do you wear the same pair of shoes every day? If shoes air for a day between wearing, accumulated perspiration, which tends to rot leathers and leathers, will not wear them out so fast. You will find a daily change of shoes is economical and may double their life.

Very hot water is best for scrubbing the bathroom floor. Usually a heavily soaped brush shaped to get the dirt out of corners is the best utensil to use for the job.

Against skin disease and itching

"Great attention is given to underclothes, good petticoats, and pants."

"And the children's sundresses, beach wraps, and swim-suits are pretty enough for a film star, saw and agreed. Sarah Gales is going to be the best-dressed child in the English sun."

A PARTY IN THE SUN

THEY'RE my best friends and I couldn't bear to miss it. But we've got to go as something Spanish. And I'm one of those inhibited characters who feel a fool in fancy dress.

I envy the man who feels happy as a lester or a frog, the girl who is gay as Dubarry or Nell Gwynn.

I'm going unasily to this festa as Carmen with a rose between my teeth. One thing alone consoles me.

My host (a distinguished economist) will surely look just as absurd as the Kiki from Spain.

THE BEST DRINK

BEST of all drinks for a hot day: iced coffee. Here's a superlative Italian recipe.

Put 4 heaped dessertspoons dark roast coffee in a jug, pour on ½ pint boiling water. Leave to cool. Heat another ½ pint water with 2 dessertspoons sugar, boil, add to coffee, stir, chill, and strain.

Before serving, put some crushed ice in bottom of each glass, pour in the coffee, add the table-spoon whipped cream to each glass, dust with powdered chocolate.

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A record number of students received degrees at the 47th Congregation of the University of Hongkong on Monday. Above: The Chancellor, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts on Mr Roderick Heilmeyer. Right: The Pro-Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Gordon King, addressing the gathering. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs R. M. Macpherson at the christening of their son, James Roderick, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



M. Francois Le Quang, Consul for Vietnam, giving a report on refugee aid in his country to Junior Chamber of Commerce members at their monthly luncheon on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at the Kowloon Union Church of Mr Richard Ying and Miss Betty Lee. (Asia)



LEFT: The 1955 Matriculation Class of St Mary's School, pictured with their teachers. (Mainland)



RIGHT: At the annual meeting of the International House Association, Hongkong Chapter, Mr William Choy, Past President, presented a banner to the body. It is held up by Mr Choy and Dr J. C. Hsia. (Willie's)



LEFT: Dr Robert K. C. Lee (seated in centre), President of the Board of Health of Hawaii, entertained by members of the Hongkong University Alumni Association. (Staff Photographer)

GROUP picture taken at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, after the christening of Conrad Richard Shih, infant son of Mr and Mrs S. Y. Shih. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Piano pupils of Mrs A. A. Nozadze at their annual concert, given at the Peninsula Hotel last Sunday. (Mayfair)

WEDDING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, of Mr David William Norton and Miss Hazel Lucy Reynolds. (Staff Photographer)



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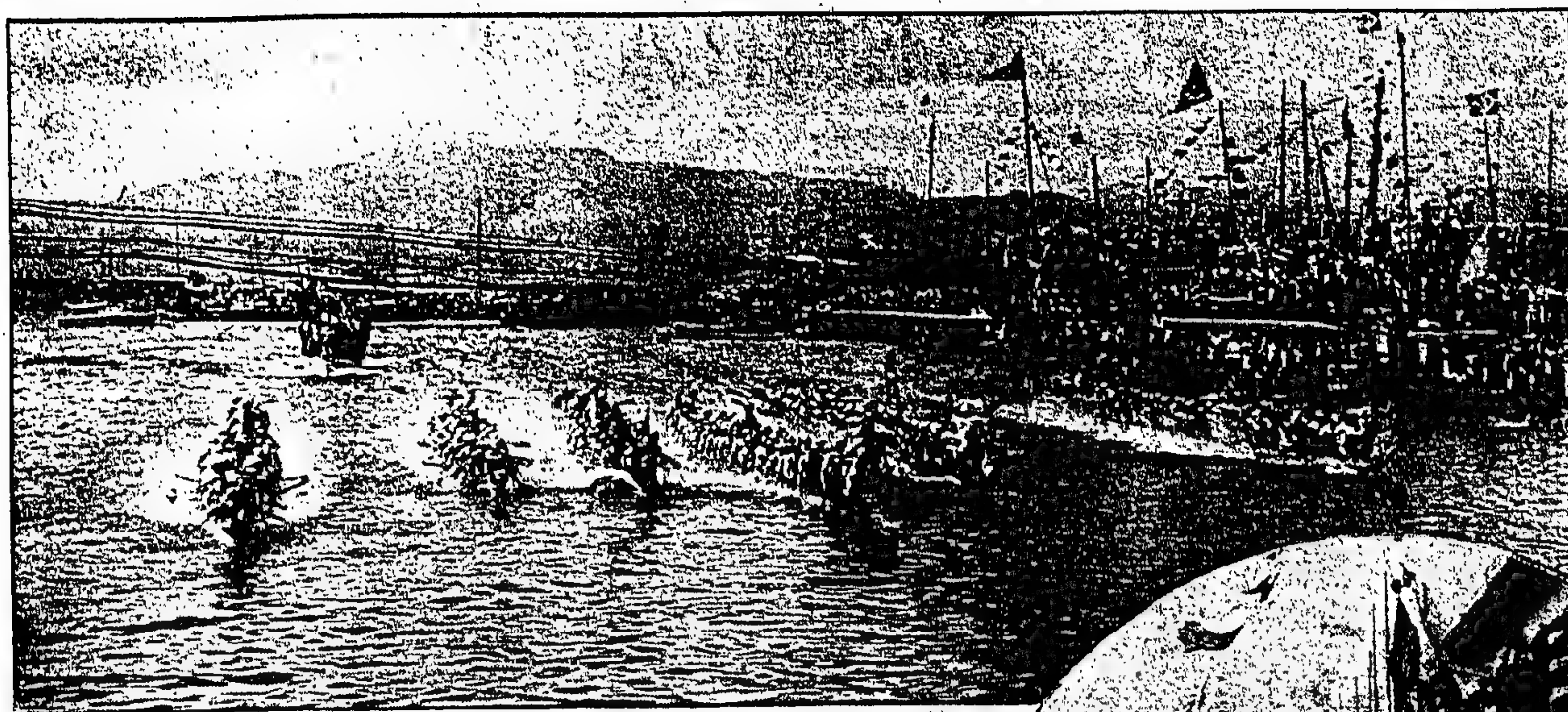
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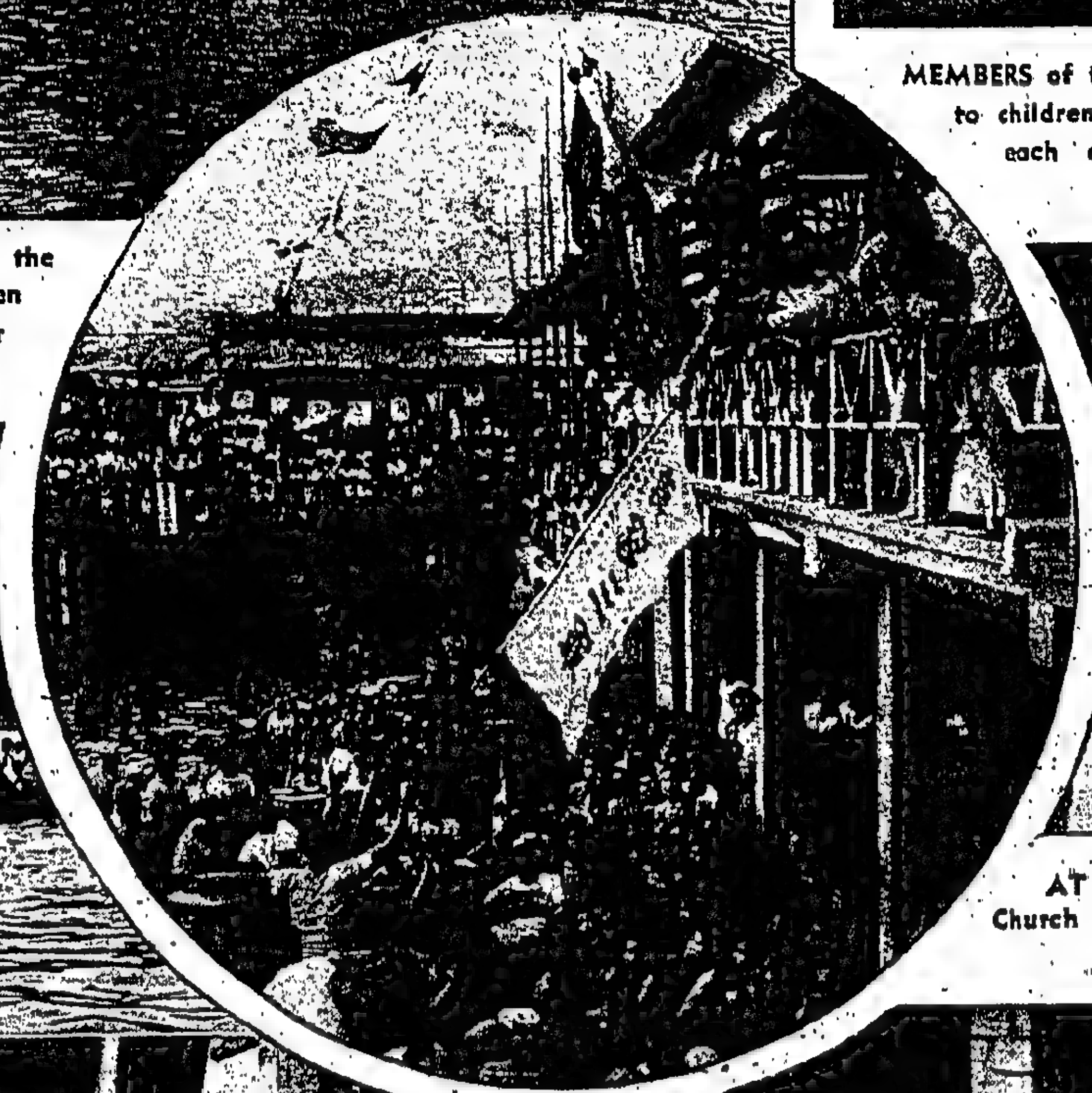
ONE of the gayest Chinese holidays is the Dragon Boat Festival. Again this year the traditional races were held at Kennedy Town. Six of the competing boats are seen above flashing to the finish. Right: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, awarding a pennant to one of the successful boats. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce distributing toys to children of St. Paul's Orphanage. The goal is to give one toy to each child now in an orphanage or hospital in the Colony. (Willie's)



AT Taipo, for the second year two boats manned by non-Chinese residents, calling themselves the "Fan Kwai" and "Kwai Lo," again took part in races during the Dragon Boat Festival. One of the boats is on the left. Right: One of the competing crews. (Staff Photographer)



AT the graduation of the Ecclesia Bible Institute, held at the Church of the Assembly of God. The Rev. J. E. Morrison presenting diplomas. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Leslie Louey, newly-elected President of the Chinese Football Association, speaking at a post-election dinner of the organisation. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the 4th Hongkong Wolf Cub Pack suitably garbed and daubed for their Wild West-Red-Indian party, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. (Dragon)

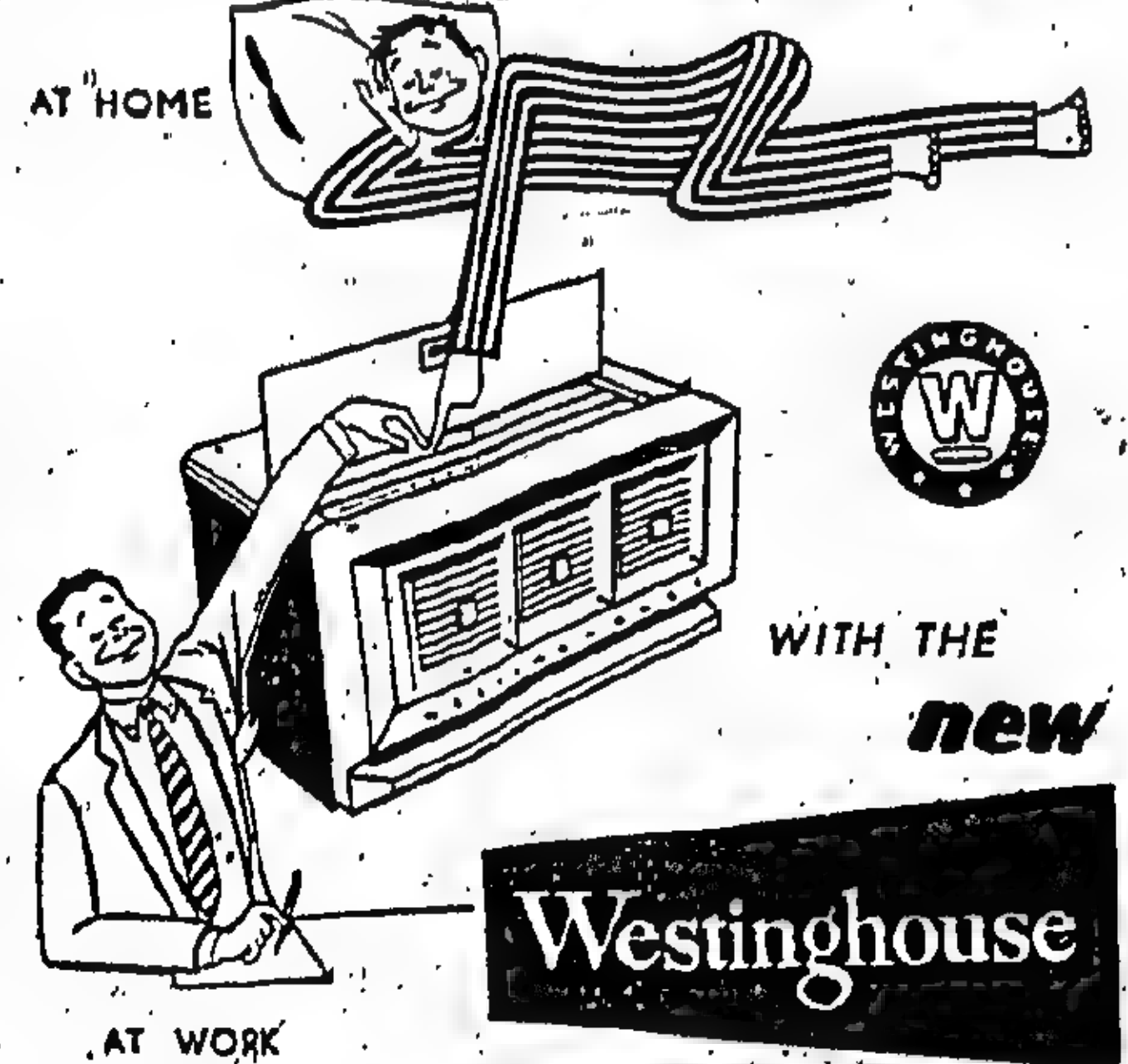
RIGHT: The new Committee of St John's University Alumni Association, Hongkong Branch, elected this week. Seated in centre is Dr D. Y. Lee, re-elected President. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr T. R. G. Fletcher, Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, at the Dominion Day reception at the Hongkong Club. Below right: The receiving line. (Staff Photographer)



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



THE CORSET HAS A LONG HISTORY

LET'S take an inside look at Woman's Shape. Off with that dress! And there it is, that secret thing that moulds her, holds her, and occasionally torments her for a worthy cause. The corset.

No one knows exactly when the first one was worn, but in 2500 B.C. a garment appeared that closely resembled it, and early Egyptian, Roman and Grecian women wore two bands, usually of scarlet kid, over the bust and hips. There is nothing new about figure control, but not until the 14th century did the first real corset arrive—a coat-shaped, unboned affair held very tightly over the hips by a band. Queen Isabelle of Bavaria takes credit for

first emphasising the bust, and the word "corset" came into the language to describe the first fitted corset, laced at back or front, and trimmed with fur.

Catherine de Medici, Queen of France, went one better with a steel corset in the 16th century—it reduced the waist to about 13 inches, half today's size. And just to forestall those masculine howls of derision at the stupidity of women—men were as tight-laced as women during this adventurous age.

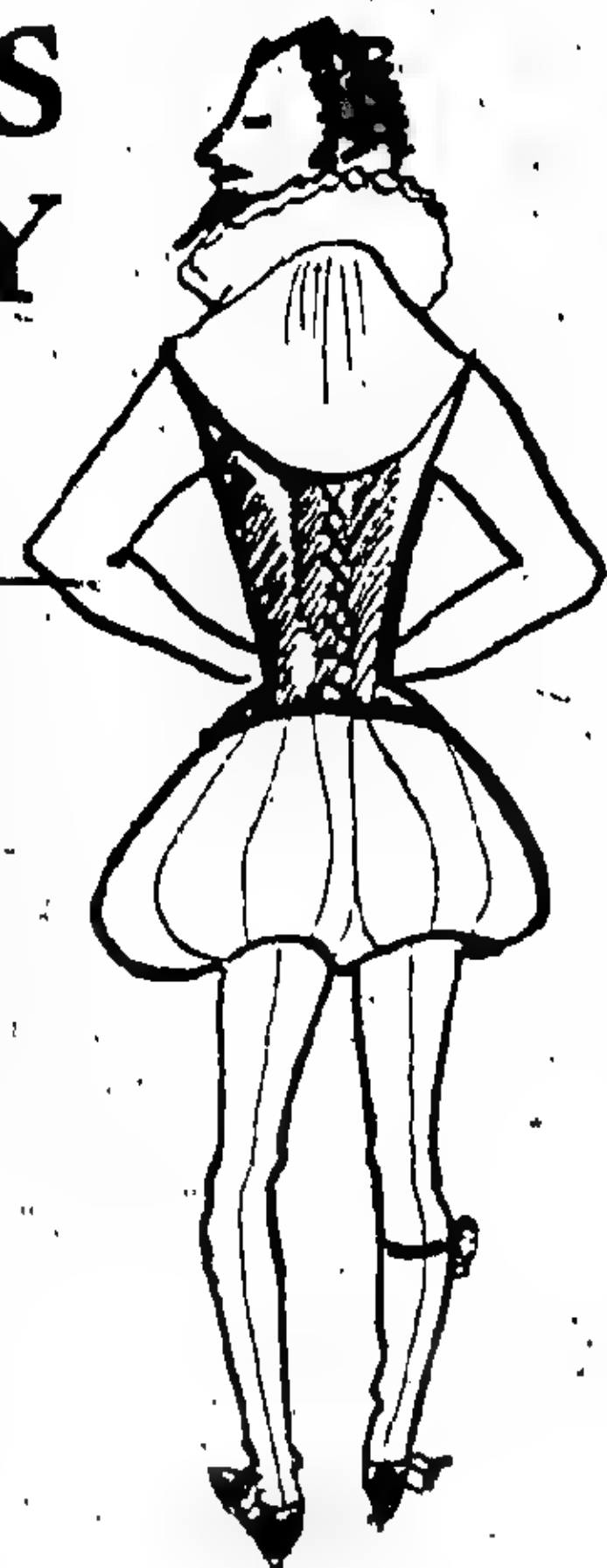
REVOLT

Early 18th century saw the first real "pair of stays", a two-piece corset with shoulder straps and a wooden busk, and then came a mad period of revolt just after the French Revolution. Women threw away their corsets and wore long flowing gowns with the waists just under the armpits.

"La Ninon" pinched its way into popularity in 1810—the original wasp-waist laced up the back. Just afterwards the "divorce corset" became fashionable—the breasts being supported by a piece of padded iron to give them the correct "Grecian shape."

HEALTH BEFORE FASHION

Nothing startling happened then for a long while, until in 1874 two young American brothers named Warner, both practising physicians, decided it was time women wore a Health Corset as opposed to a mere Fashion Corset. Their designs revolutionised the corset trade—in ten years they had the largest factory in the world. They were bursting with new ideas—produced the first unbreakable corset, the first rustproof corset. Delightful



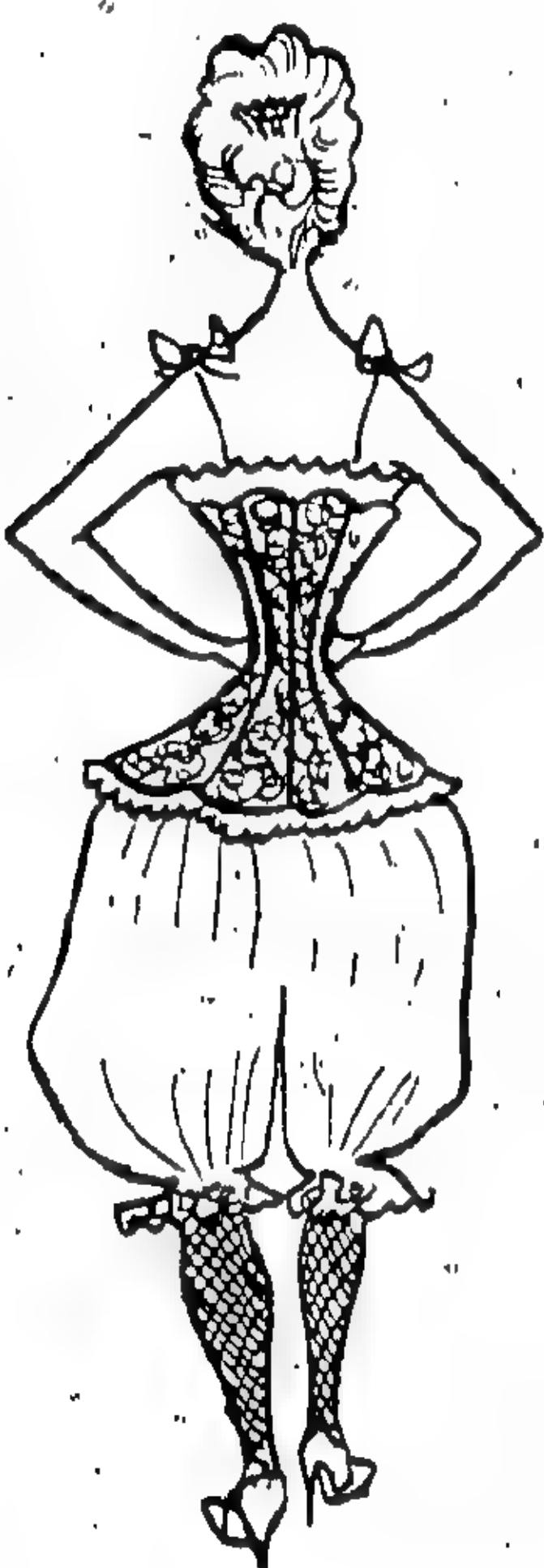
advertisements of the period show cherubs using one as a boat!

The Hour-glass figure received a jolt when Dana Gibson drew her famous Gibson Girl, the rage of the era—a very full figure with a tiny waist, leaning forward at a precarious angle. This "saucer" produced the "Kangaroo Walk", according to writers at the time.

PANIC OVER

Paris came forth with the brassiere and the front-lace corset. America began to mass produce, and "hose-supporters" were attached to the corset. But they were heading for the troublesome twenties when waists became large and women bound themselves to attain a boyish shape. In 1930 the panic was over, designers started using more rubber and making simpler designs and women rediscovered their figures. In 1931 came the greatest single discovery of all—the two-way stretch.

From then on it is a story most of us know from experience, with nylon as the key word. We need never worry whether our corset will leave rust stains on our undies, and it is not a major operation to scoop—but we can safely assume the designers are thinking up something new for us. They always are.



Helen Burke stages a luncheon party to show you how to be the hostess who is just that little bit different...

A SPECIAL OCCASION



Luncheon for five—(left to right) Pat Kirkwood, Antony Hunt, Helen Burke, Josie Acres and Eileen Ascroft.

ONE of the tough problems a housewife has to face occasionally is: what to do about a meal for a Special Occasion. Something extra is required, but at the same time it would be wrong for the hostess to spend half the meal in the kitchen. So the menu needs planning with care.

To help you cope with the Special Occasion—when ordinary budgeting goes by the board—Eileen Ascroft and I have arranged a brief series of "Gourmet lunches." At these, I will entertain, in my own home, a small party of people to whom I will give the sort of meal that would be prepared for a Special Occasion.

The first question is: do we serve something safe—or do we let ourselves go with something more exciting that may go wrong? Nearly always, if we are wise, we fall back on "safe" dishes.

Even then, however, we may come slightly unstuck, as I did recently. When actress Pat Kirkwood, Mrs Josie Acres, a member of Cookery Club, and Antony Hunt, an authority on wine, came to the first gourmet lunch with Eileen Ascroft and myself.

So that I need not be out of the dining-room more than once during the meal, I planned a simple three-course lunch—the first to be cold, the second hot and the third a sweet, also cold. I left it to Mr Hunt to select the wines to suit the dishes. The cost of food and wine for five was to be kept to 2/6.

Truite en gelée seemed to be "safe," but because some folk dislike anything in aspic, I changed it, almost at the last minute, to Truite Juive. This was followed by Poulet Alexandria aux Champignons, with plain rice and tiny French beans, finishing with Savarin aux Fruits.

The trout

I poached the trout (one each) for five minutes in a court bouillon laced with Chablis, left them to become cold in the stock, skinned them, placed them on a rack and gave them a thin coat of aspic.

Next, I decorated them with blanched leaves of tarragon and "flowers" of water-thin rounds of radishes and sliced yolk of hard-boiled egg.

I gave them another coat, then slipped them into the re-

frigerator to chill. The dish was garnished with sliced cucumber and tomato and, for those who might prefer them, slices of lemon.

I also passed round mayonnaise, which I made the evening before, but the trout had to be freshly cooked, very early in the morning.

The aperitifs

Before the meal, we drank Mateus Rosa, bottled in Portugal. This wine, served very cold, was chosen by Mr Hunt for the aperitif because of its freshness, beautiful colour and gaiety, being very slightly naturally sparkling.

This, at 14s. 6d. a bottle, was a pleasant change from sherry on a summer day. With the trout, we had Niersteiner Orbel, 1952, a particularly delicately flavoured Rhine wine, costing 12s. 6d.

The Poulet Alexandria aux Champignons was not, perhaps, quite as Escottier would have served it.

First, I very gently simmered a really lovely 5lb. bird in a little butter, then added some of the stock from the giblets and cleaned it in this for under an hour.

The chicken is skinned and cut into slices while hot, then kept warm in very little stock. Some of the stock, an onion and a tablespoon of Vermouth, simmered together then sieved,

THIS WEEK'S MENU

Mateus Rosa
Niersteiner Orbel, 1952
Truite Juive
Clos de Mouches, 1950
Poulet Alexandria aux Champignons
Chateau Rubaud, 1946
Savarin aux Fruits
Cafe

an exquisite bouquet and subtle flavour. It cost 14s. 6d.

This is one of the easiest sweets we can serve because, being of a rich yeast batter, mixture, it can be made a day or two in advance.

On the day of the meal, it is mounted on a round of sweet French pastry, with apricot purée as the "adhesive," and moistened with a thin syrup delicately flavoured with rum.

The surface is then glazed with apricot sauce and decorated with glace cherries and "leaves" of angelica. I filled the centre with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

It occurred to me that the pastry part of this sweet might not be acceptable to all my guests so, instead of adding the fruit to the Savarin, I served it separately.

The wine, Chateau Rubaud, 1946, a premier cru classé, Sauternes, a near neighbour of the great Chateau d'Yquem, very beautifully minded and fragrant, costing 20s. But here we found that, in a party of five, two of the ladies did not like sweet wine.

Pat Kirkwood preferred a piece of Cheddar to the sweet and her glass was refilled with white Burgundy.

That is the "hazard" a hostess runs each time she gives a luncheon or dinner party. Make a note to discover if sweets and sweet wines are "out," or have at hand some English cheese, for

not everyone likes the soft imported ones. Cheese, too, is a "hazard."

"How was the rice cooked?" asked Pat Kirkwood, who had passed her plate back for more, despite her general abstinence from starches.

The rice was started from cold water, boiled for seven minutes, drained, well washed, drained again, then dried on a cloth in a cool oven. It was then heated through in just enough butter to glaze it and colour it delicately.

"How long was the trout cooked?" This from Antony Hunt.

Five minutes in a grill pan, then left to become cold in its stock. Four minutes, I think, would have been better. A trout needs very little cooking, especially if left to cool in the liquid. Mrs Acres asked how much the trout and chicken cost, and what was the flavour in the chicken sauce. The five trout cost 8s. and the chicken 23s. The flavour in the sauce was the small touch of dry Vermouth.

The sauce

The sauce did not entirely please me because, while it waited, it thickened a little more than I expected and, though I have made similar sauces many times before, adding Vermouth, I shall make a test on Vermouth to discover which one does not blanch out the warm colour of the egg yolks.

It is so easy to assume that all wines of the same name will do the same job.

Pat Kirkwood asked me if I had made a syrup for the fresh fruit salad. No—but all fruit which becomes rusty when peeled and exposed to the air (pears and bananas, for instance) were turned in lemon juice to coat them and keep their natural colour.

And to it all came the coffee—of course, newly-roasted and freshly ground.

Postscript by Eileen Ascroft: "Excellent, I'd be proud to serve such a meal in my own home. Personally, I was disappointed with the sweet. Like many women today, I don't like sweet things either for my palate or my figure. I'd much rather have a savoury or cheese and fruit salad. However, I made an exception and tackled it, but I just couldn't bring myself to sample the sickly sweet wine that went with it."

(London Express Service)

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PRETTY SUN FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS

2-3 YEARS

Materials: 4 (5) ozs. Emu Baby Wool or Emu Soft-knit 3 ply in main colour. 1 oz. Emu Baby Wool or Emu Soft-knit 3 ply in contrast colour. 1 pair each Nos. 13 and 11 knitting needles. 2 buttons.

Measurements: Length of Skirt to waist 9 1/2 (10 1/2) inches. Chest 22 (23) inches. Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch measured over the stocking stitch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl; st(s) stitch(es); tog, together; m.c., main colour; c.c., contrast colour.

NOTES: These instructions are written in two sizes, stitches and measurements for the smaller size being given in the ordinary way, the larger size being bracketed in the following space.

FRONT

xx Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 144 (160) sts. Work in stocking stitch (1 row k, 1 row p) for 16 rows. Make a hem as follows:—With a spare needle, pick up 144 (160) sts. along the cast on row, with the needle point ending at right side of work. Place the 2 needles together, the spare one at the back and in the next row knit 2 sts. together (one from each needle) to end of row.

Next row: P.

Now work spot pattern, stranding the colour not in use at the back of work.

1st row: Knt 7 m.c., (2 c.c., 14 m.c.) 8 (9) times, 2 c.c., 7 m.c.

2nd row: Purl 6 m.c., (4 c.c., 12 m.c.) 8 (9) times, 4 c.c., 6 m.c.

3rd row: As 2nd row but

4th row: As 1st row but purling instead of knitting. Work 8 rows in stocking st. in m.c.

13th row: K, 1 m.c., (14 m.c., 2 c.c.) 8 (9) times, 15 m.c.

14th row: K, 14 m.c.; (4 c.c., 12 m.c.) 8 (9) times, 2 m.c.

15th row: As 14th row but knit.

16th row: As 13th row but purl.

Work next 8 rows in stocking stitch in m.c.

For the 1st size Repeat these 24 rows once more and 16 rows of the next pattern. For the 2nd size Repeat the 24 rows twice more, then work rows 1 to 4 inclusive.

Both sizes Next row K, 2 tog, k, 13, x k, 2 tog, k, 14, repeat from x to last 17 sts, k, 2 tog, k, 13, k, 2 tog, 134 (149) sts. Work 3 rows in stocking st. Next row x k, 2 tog, k, 1, repeat from x to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog. Next row: P, 2 tog, p, to end. 88 (98) sts. Work 2 more rows in stocking st. Change to No. 13 needles and work in k, 1, p, 1 rib for 1 1/2 inches, ending with a wrong side row, xx.

Next row: Rib 12 (14), slip these sts. on to a safety pin. Change to No. 11 needles, k 64 (70), slip next 12 (14) sts. on to another safety pin. Next row: P, 64 (70).

Next row (For 1st size) Work spot pattern as 1st row but repeat the instructions in brackets 3 times instead of 8 times. (For 2nd size k, 10 m.c., then repeat brackets 3 times, ending last repeat k, 10 m.c.)

Next 3 rows: Work in spot pattern.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k, to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog. Work next 5 rows in stocking stitch.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog.

Next row: P

Next row: K, 13 (16) m.c., 2 c.c., 14 m.c., 2 c.c., 14 m.c., 2 c.c., 13 (16) m.c.

Next 3 rows: Work in spot pattern.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog. Work next 5 rows in stocking stitch.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog.

Next row: P.

Next row: K, 3 (8) m.c., (2 c.c., 14 m.c.) 3 times, 2 c.c., 3 (8) m.c.

Next 3 rows: Work in spot pattern.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog. Work next 5 rows in stocking stitch.

Next row: K, 2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k, 2 tog.

Next row: P.

For 2nd size only: Work 4 more rows in stocking stitch.

All sizes: Change to No. 13 needles and work in k, 1, p, 1 rib for 1 inch. Cast off in rib. Slip the 12 (14) sts. from 1st safety pin on to a No. 13 needle. Join in m.c. work and work in k, 1, p, 1 rib for 1 1/2 inches. Make a buttonhole: Rib 4 (8), cast off 4, rib 4 (8). In next row complete buttonhole by casting on 4 sts. over those cast off in previous row.



SHAPE END

Decrease 1 st. at each end of every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off. Take the sts. from the other safety pin and work to match.

BACK

Work as for Front from xx to xx. Cast off in rib.

TO COMPLETE

Press the pattern part only with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up skirt seams with a back st. seam. Sew the bands, stretching slightly along sides of plis. Sew buttons on back ribbing, about 2 inches in from side seams.



INTERVAL FOR THINKING

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SEFTON DELMER ON THE SUMMIT TALKS PROSPECTS

Do We Stake Too Much On Soviet Weakness?

LATEST diplomatic intelligence from Moscow speaks of "indications" that Khrushchev is in trouble with his comrades.

Nothing cataclysmic... But if this report is correct—and it comes from a source which has proved remarkably well-informed in the past—then Khrushchev has had to accept the first limitation of his power since he bulldozed to Stalin's throne last February.

Khrushchev, so the report says, appears to have been made to accept criticism of his personal performance during the recent visit to Tito in Belgrade.

There are "indications" that it has been suggested to Khrushchev that, for the time being, he should keep out of foreign affairs—at any rate as far as the public eye is concerned.

A pity this, I say. For it will rule out Khrushchev's attending the summit talks at Geneva this month.

And what is the use of summit talks if the Western summit does not meet the Soviet summit, but merely his mouth-piece Marshal Bulganin?

My fear

It is not this, however, that rivets my attention to the report. Nor even the interesting light it throws on the internal politics of the Kremlin bosses. (Clearly Party Secretary Khrushchev has not yet achieved that absolute and unquestioned ascendancy over all his colleagues enjoyed in the past by Secretary J. V. Stalin.)

Frankly, I am a little frightened of the report. My fear is that it may help to encourage still further the all too flattering beliefs already held by some influential policy men. These beliefs are that:

1. KRUSHCHEV showed political ineptitude at Belgrade and suffered a setback there for which he is now being blamed. (According to the report he is being blamed for his undignified behaviour, not failure.)

2. THE ACCESSION of West Germany to the NATO Powers constitutes a great increase in the strength of the West.

3. THE GOOD-WILL gestures which the Soviet Union has been throwing all along its frontiers recently are prompted partly by Soviet realisation of this new German-promoted Western strength, and partly by

4. A SEVERE social and economic crisis inside the Soviet Union.

5. THE KREMLIN has become apprehensive of Communist China's increase of power.

6. THE RIGHT policy for the West in these circumstances is to be extremely tough in its demands and brook no compromise.

The crisis

CHIEF protagonist of this theory is Dr Adenauer, West German aged but wily Chancellor.

He has immensely impressed the Americans with his talk of the conditions he will impose on the Russians before he will accept their invitation to visit Moscow.

And it is Adenauer who, with the help of his Intelligence chief, General Reinhard Gehlen (Hitler's former espionage chief for the Soviet front), has been putting over the tale of the Soviet internal crisis and the trouble between Moscow and Peking.

Is there a crisis in Russia? Certainly there is—the same old social and economic crisis I have known in the Soviet Union ever since, as a young reporter in Berlin 25 years ago, I first sent through reports of Stalin's security troops using machine guns to encourage the Ukrainian peasants with the harvest.

It is the same old crisis I saw myself in Russia—first in 1939, and again in 1947. The crisis of a collectivised and socialised agriculture failing to produce food in sufficient quantity or adequate quality for the ever-increasing army of urban factory workers.

Real wages

It is the crisis of a country where the factories do not produce consumer goods—pots, pans, radios and frocks—but machines, machines and more machines.

It is a heavy price, in queues and crowded tenements, which the Soviet citizen has to pay for his country's rapidly-increasing industrial potential as a maker of heavy armaments. A potential, this, in which they are quickly reducing the gap between them and the West.

There are, however, two new elements in the present crisis.

THE NEW SAFETY-VALVE

THESE cartoons were published under the heading "Bureaucrats' Harvest," in the Prague humorous weekly Dikobraz. Will the editor be shot for pillorying party bureaucrats over the breakdown of the agricultural programme? No! Humorous papers are the new licensed buffoons of the Iron Curtain régime—licensed to act as safety-valves for popular grumbling.



BE SORRY FOR THESE 25,000 SCARED MEN

BY A NEWSPAPER REPORTER WHO COVERS THE LONDON DOCKS

I AM a London newspaper reporter. For ten years I have worked in Dockland.

I have reported every strike, official and unofficial, in that time. I know the vivid, rough personalities of the 25,000 dockers of London and they call me by my Christian name.

I probably know more about the London docks than any other man in my profession.

They Are Merciless

PEOPLE ask me questions about Dockland, especially in times of strikes and unrest and mostly they criticise the dockers bitterly, blaming him for holding the country to ransom over some small dispute.

But I say today do not condemn the London dockers.

London. Instead, pity him. For in 1955, although he earns from £17 to £25 a week, he is a terrified man.

When he strikes it is because he has to. Out of his little back streets have come men with the ambition to rule him. They are not the old-time quayside foremen of years ago. They are from his own class. They speak his language. They have worked, and still work, alongside him in the holds of ships. Their children go to school with his children. They drink in his pubs.

And they are determined to weld London's 25,000 dock workers into a mute, obedient section of humanity that will respond blindly to their orders for their own political ends. Men who react in fear of the "accident" that maims them for life.

I can tell you a lot about the would-be dictators of Dockland. They are merciless men. They exist in groups, and each fights the other for power.

In the years just after the war it was the Radical Socialist who held the sway in the docks. Those days, the dockers were not the frightened men they are today. True, there were some wildest strikes, but there were also serious issues.

Veiled Threats

I REMEMBER, for instance, the "Old Men's" strike, which lasted for nearly a month. I think the dockers had a point here. They wanted to keep the old men at work in the docks, and make life easier for them. There was something human in this, and they won their way.

But slowly the extreme Left began to see the dockers with their traditional loyalty as a wonderful opportunity for Communist political advancement. And so, almost unnoticed by the rank and file, the Socialists were edged out of leadership. Sometimes they went with a struggle. Sometimes they disappeared overnight. And many a Communist ran a whispering campaign to help speed out a man who was not of the party.

Some of the victims were edged into paid trade union jobs... and took them. This meant that they no longer worked in the holds or on the quaysides.

And so it was that the Communists with their system of lies and false rumours and their veiled threats were able to burrow into the position where they could control their fellow working men.

Their Fears Grew

EVEN so, the dockers learned to get along with orthodox Communists. He understood them. They were quite open about their industrial ends though few dockers troubled to think beyond the security of their own jobs and the old unity among themselves.

"ONE OUT OF ALL OUT" was the slogan. But things were not to remain like this for ever.

As time went by, strike discipline began to tighten as the men took more urging to go on strike. The Communists began

to have to face the fact that the dockers liked his prosperity and could not easily forget that he had hitherto agreements to meet.

I watched the fear begin to grow in their minds. I watched the new-style Reds come into the docks. I have listened and made my shorthand notes as men more evil than any I have ever met in my life joined battle to wrest power from the existing orthodox Red rascals.

Who are these new men?

Ghost Of Trotsky

EVERY dockers today knows them as Trotskyites. Do not laugh at that word and dismiss it as a 1935 fairy tale.

The ghost of Trotsky walks the docks today in the form of men who speak only English, have English names, and were babies when Trotsky fled from Russia.

These men belong to different unions but their aim is primarily to form a new national union of port workers unconnected with the existing unions. They want to be the leaders—unchallenged and unchallengeable. They would allow the dockers to work only when it suited the party. Whenever they wanted to strangle Britain's trade they would be able to call the men out in an hour.

They do not respect truth. Today, they are powerful enough to be able to get up in Liverpool and say that "7,000 in London are on strike" and be believed. Yet perhaps, only 50 are out. They will tell the mass meeting in London that in a provincial port thousands of coloured men are being taken on to replace strikers... and be believed.

Yet IT IS NOT TRUE. They learn of and reveal Ministry of Labour and T.U.C. decisions hours before they are revealed to the genuine trade union leaders themselves.

They plot and play with skill and diabolical cunning so that even veteran Communists call them sinister men.

Menace Has Spread

YOU ask...are there not any who will face up to these power-hungry men?

I know that the majority of the 25,000 would be glad to see the end of that regime of terror that these men of the shadows have forged.

But they are frightened now. They know that the Dockland crane-driver is an artist; and that he, if he be so inclined, could drop a packing case on to a man's head.

They fear the heavy load which could edge them into the water of the dock basin. Hard though they are, they keep quiet or strike reluctantly when they know that overnight the paving stones outside their houses will be daubed in tar with words like "Scab" and "Black" when they awake next morning.

All this is true of London's docks. London only? I can say here that the menace has spread now to Liverpool. It can engulf the lives of the dockers throughout Britain.

Memory Man Shows What You Can Do

From EVELYN IRONS

New York. portraits of Charles Lindbergh for a mural of aviation.

SIXTY-FOUR - YEAR - OLD Doctor Bruno Furst, who came here from Germany in 1938, has a perfect memory. He claims that you or I can have one, too.

Two hundred students from his memory classes—aged 20 to 80—show what they could do so.

Forty members of the audience of 500 stood up one by one and gave their names. Then they all stood together, and twenty of Doctor Furst's pupils identified all of them.

Dr Furst's students are also trained to be formidable bridge opponents. Another demonstration brought four members of the audience to the platform found a bridge table. A pack of cards was shuffled and dealt and three of the four reeled off what cards they had. Within ten minutes the students were able to say what cards were in the hidden hand.

After that any but the most acidic-pated, remember all the funny stories they hear. "No, I don't play bridge," said Furst, sadly. "It wouldn't be fair, and besides, it wouldn't amuse me. It would be just too easy."

In her Manhattan studio, Alice Rhode sketches gaudy

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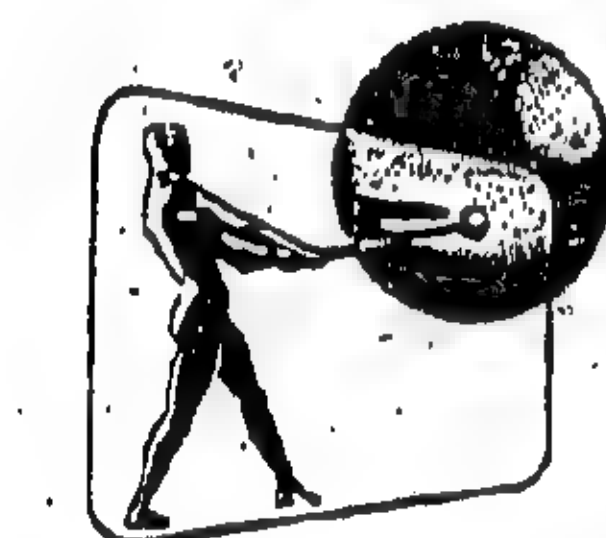
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MAUDIE LITTLEHAMPTON
ON HOLIDAY
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Tell me, darling, do you
sometimes have a strange
feeling we've lived on this
earth before?"

A KISS IN THE SUNSHINE BRINGS SUCCESS TO FRANCOISE

BONJOUR TRISTESSE. By
Francoise Sagan, Murray.
7s. 6d. 132 pages.

NINETEEN is a difficult age for women novelists. Too old to be an infant prodigy, too ignorant to write about simple things, there is nothing for it but to make up in sophistication what you lack in experience and to present Youth's everlasting questions as if they were all the answers.

Following this judicious course, Francoise Sagan has sold in France 200,000 copies of her novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*. It is told through the mouth of a young girl, Cecile, who is holiday-making on the Riviera with Raymond, her father, a philandering widower. Cecile is in love with her father and fascinated by herself. "Sin," she quotes approvingly, "is the only note of vivid colour that persists in the modern world."

With Raymond is also staying Elsa, his mistress, a pretty young woman with one disability: she turns red and peels in the sun. So when Raymond's old friend, Anne, joins the party and proves to be not only poised and beautiful but non-peeling as well, Raymond accepts the logic of the situation. Abandoning the too-vivid note of colour in the modern world, he declares that he and Anne are going to marry.

Phase Two opens with Cecile in the arms of a boy named Cyril. "I did not feel intellectual any longer. I realised I was more gifted for kissing young men in the sunshine than for taking a degree."

Anne, remorselessly, looks her future step-daughter in a room with a volume of the philosopher Bergson.

It turns out to be a tactical blunder. Taking time off from philosophy, Cecile contrives that Elsa (who has miraculously stopped peeling) should go to stay with Cyril, thus rousing the jealousy of her father. Raymond reopens his love affair with Elsa.

And Anne? She drives off in disgust and is killed in the motor accident which is usual in these circumstances. Cecile has triumphed. She and her father resume their life together, their drinking, their casual loves.

Bonjour Tristesse may not be life as we know it, but it is life as it might be pervasively guessed by a girl who has read the best authors. Francoise Sagan sniffs round the Oedipus complex like a precocious kitten round a saucer of cream.

In July 1953 she failed in her examinations at the Sorbonne. A month later she finished this novel. More gifted for writing about kissing in the sunshine than for taking a degree, she passes, *Bonjour Tristesse*.

cer of Jewish faith with a liking for bridge, was dealing the cards one evening when his partner remarked that a certain X had been arrested as a spy. Flushing with embarrassment over his Jewishness, he added hastily that he did not suppose there was anything in the charge.

Dreyfus, unperturbed, went on dealing. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "There's no smoke without fire."

Thirty years earlier, he had been the innocent martyr in the

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON reviews the NEW BOOKS

smokiest espionage trial in history: the curiously undramatic central figure in a fiery drama that almost consumed the French Republic.

Guy Chapman claims that anti-Semitism had little part in the Dreyfus Case and that there is more to be said for the men who sent Dreyfus to Devil's Island for life than is allowed. Yet his candid, enthralling narrative disproves both of these propositions.

In fact, there would never have been a Dreyfus Case if it had not been for anti-Semitism.

When Dreyfus was named as a suspect to Colonel Sandherr, head of the statistical section in the French War Office, Sandherr, a strong anti-Semite, slapped his forehead. "I ought to have thought of it!" he exclaimed.

The Dreyfus Case had its origin in a list of information from a French traitor found in the German military attaché's wastepaper basket. The list was in a writing which did not resemble Dreyfus's. A famous "expert" covered himself with ridicule by "proving" that Dreyfus had forged his own handwriting.

One item which the traitor undertook to supply was an Artillery Firing Manual. This pointed the finger at Dreyfus as an artillery officer. But the manual was referred to in terms which no artillery officer would have used; it was not even a confidential document.

The barest of them was a minor scoundrel named Henry, a ranker officer who arranged to have a document forged incriminating Dreyfus, and who committed suicide following the suicide of the forger when the deed was discovered.

Henry, says Chapman, was "loyal to his country, to the service and to his chiefs." There is no doubt that Henry was loyal to his own career. The best officer was one Piquart, who sacrificed his career and his liberty in order to fight for Dreyfus, and who is described by Chapman as "a prig."

Between these two extremes were countless French soldiers who connived in illegality and inhumanity because these were bound up with the supposed interests of the military caste.

Nothing is more striking in the story than the contrast between the relentless pursuit of Dreyfus by the French War Office and the protection accorded to Esterhazy, the real traitor.

For the famous list found in the wastepaper basket in the German Embassy had an author, Major Esterhazy, an infantry officer of Hungarian antecedents, notorious for his debts, his dissolute life, and his Stock Exchange gambling. Nor had he taken any trouble to conceal his contempt for France. Esterhazy was never arrested. He was given time to leave France. He died in England (1923) and he is buried in Harpenden churchyard. He is the racist, not the most contemptible, rogue in the Dreyfus Case.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SECRET DOCUMENT

East Berlin's latest telephone directory—first to be issued in the Red section of the city since the war—doesn't make very interesting reading.

And it's being treated almost as a secret document.

The 250-page directory, now ready for issue, lists 50,000 numbers. But to buy it you have to have written Government permission.

And it is not issued in telephone kiosks—because the authorities are afraid copies might get stolen.

Communist Party headquarters numbers are not listed, neither is the number of the Party's general secretary.

East Berlin has a population of 1,200,000. West Berlin has 2,000,000—and its telephone directory has 700 pages and 200,000 numbers.

SHEARING PROBLEM

The villagers of a small hamlet near New Delhi, split into two factions last week over whether or not Chander, the local barber, should cut the hair of Kishan Chand.

Kishan says he should, pointing out that a recent law makes it an offence to discriminate against "untouchables," of which he is one of 50 million.

Chander is said to have told Kishan that he could "go to London" before he would serve him in his shop.

But Chander claims he was misled. "I only asked him to wait in the queue," he says.

Meanwhile, Kishan remains resolute. "No one but Chander shall cut my hair," he says, fingering his black locks which are getting longer every day.

A hobby with a difference is claimed by an 84-year-old Spaniard, Jose Caba Alvarez, who during the last 42 years has attended 15,220 funerals, or roughly 362 funerals a year.

Don Jose explains that he has made a practice of attending so many funerals because he wishes to show his appreciation of the courtesy displayed by the people of the town when they turned out in large numbers for his father's funeral in 1913.

Even when ill Don Jose never misses a funeral but insists on getting up so that he can follow the hearse to the cemetery.

Holidaying in France this year, then, take some tips from Frenchman Marcel Julian, who has been wading into some of his country's hotels for "clipping the tourist."

M. Julian says that French hotel prices are too high and in too many the visitor is confronted with nasty surprises and traps.

"The bill lengthens with local taxes, do lux taxes, percentages for services. 'All-in' prices quoted are all-in, except for service, except for taxes, except for cover charges, except for wine—and then come the extras. If you have a bottle of mineral water in your room, the price doubles because you drink it upstairs."

"If you miss breakfast or lunch, you are charged for it just the same. There are often no pillows; the night watchman hasn't the key to the soft drinks store, so you have to go thirsty all night; there are no clothes hangers; if you arrive in a small car you are considered a poor devil—and bathrooms are a costly luxury."

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DEVIL AT THE PARIS FESTIVAL, STARS

Parisian audiences are being dazzled by the first show to come out of China for the last 800 years—the troupe of the Peking Opera. The Opera has the oldest theatrical tradition in the world, since it was founded 2,063 years ago.

The show is really amazing. The audience is expected to applaud madly and often—and when it does, the actors stand up and clap themselves.

It appears that Mao Tse-tung's censors have been at work on this ancient theatre's productions; they have cut out traditional scenes where masters dog servants.

They also wanted to cut the plays. But the devil got the upper hand, persuaded them against it and keeps his star parts.

ALMOST RIGHT. Malta's "Toni the Cobbler," an ex-serviceman with a conviction (that he would never crown at sea) has been proved right—or almost. As a child of two he escaped drowning while playing on a rocky stretch of the coast with his brothers, and during the war two ships in which he served a stoker were torpedoed—but Toni got away.

When, because of a weak heart, he gave up swimming two years ago, Toni was even more convinced than ever that the sea would never get him.

Strolling along the seashore a few days ago, however, Toni had a heart attack. He fell full length on dry land but face downward in a sea-water puddle just six inches deep. The verdict: Death by drowning.

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"If you miss breakfast or lunch, you are charged for it just the same. There are often no pillows; the night watchman hasn't the key to the soft drinks store, so you have to go thirsty all night; there are no clothes hangers; if you arrive in a small car you are considered a poor devil—and bathrooms are a costly luxury."

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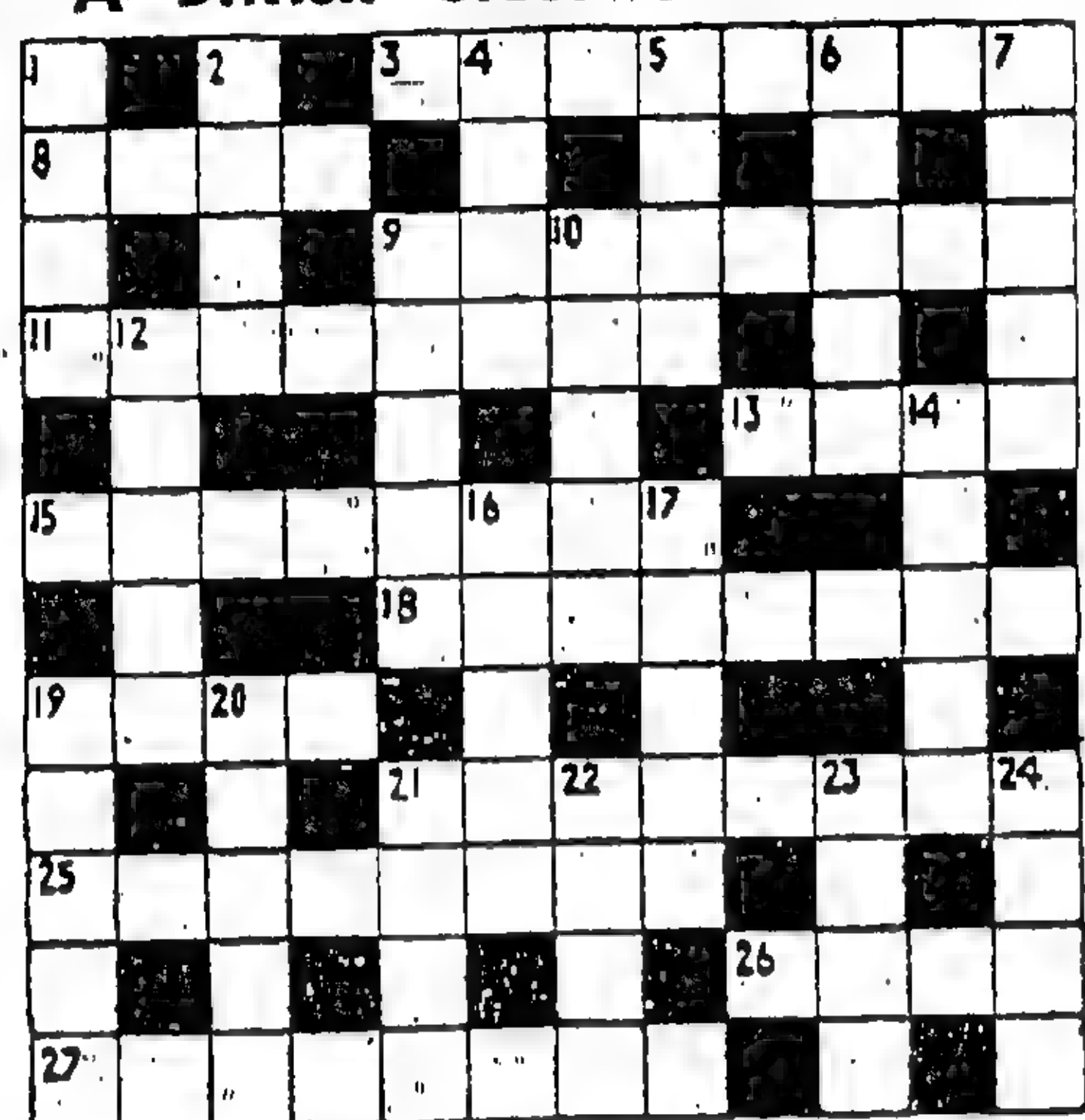
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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Wedlock (8).
 - Cultivate (4).
 - Newspaperman (8).
 - Went abroad (8).
 - Spoken (4).
 - Hospital inmates (8).
 - Catastrophe (8).
 - Borders (4).
 - Commands (8).
 - Hard material (8).
 - Bill of fare (4).
 - Giving out vapour (8).
- DOWN
- Check (4).
 - Whip (4).
 - Encourage (4).
 - Land measure (4).
 - Stage player (5).
 - Enlist (5).
 - Scolded (5).
 - Nuisances (5).
 - Angry (5).
 - Vigilant (5).
 - Chemical (5).
 - Check (5).
 - Cuts roughly (5).
 - Walk affectively (3).
 - Baby carriage (colloq) (4).
 - Famous school (4).
 - Victim (4).
 - Cosy (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Cargo, 4 Daubed, 8 Topped, 10 Enamel, 12 Rival, 14 Release, 17 Aid, 19 Service, 20 Shatter, 22 Lone, 23 Begrets, 27 Grotto, 29 Guest, 30 Farmed, 31 Victor, 32 Skips, Down: 1 Cut, 2 Rival, 3 Captains, 5 Abel, 6 B-mit, 7 Pioneer, 9 Desert, 11 Reaper, 13 Nemesis, 14 Gaze, 17 Breeze, 18 Fiat, 20 Slogan, 21 Angers, 24 Goods, 26 Enrui, 28 Sides, 29 Ooze.

THE DREYFUS CASE. By Guy Chapman. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s. 400 pages.

MAJOR ALFRED DREYFUS,
a quiet, retired French offi-

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Glorious Fourth

BY HARRY WEINERT



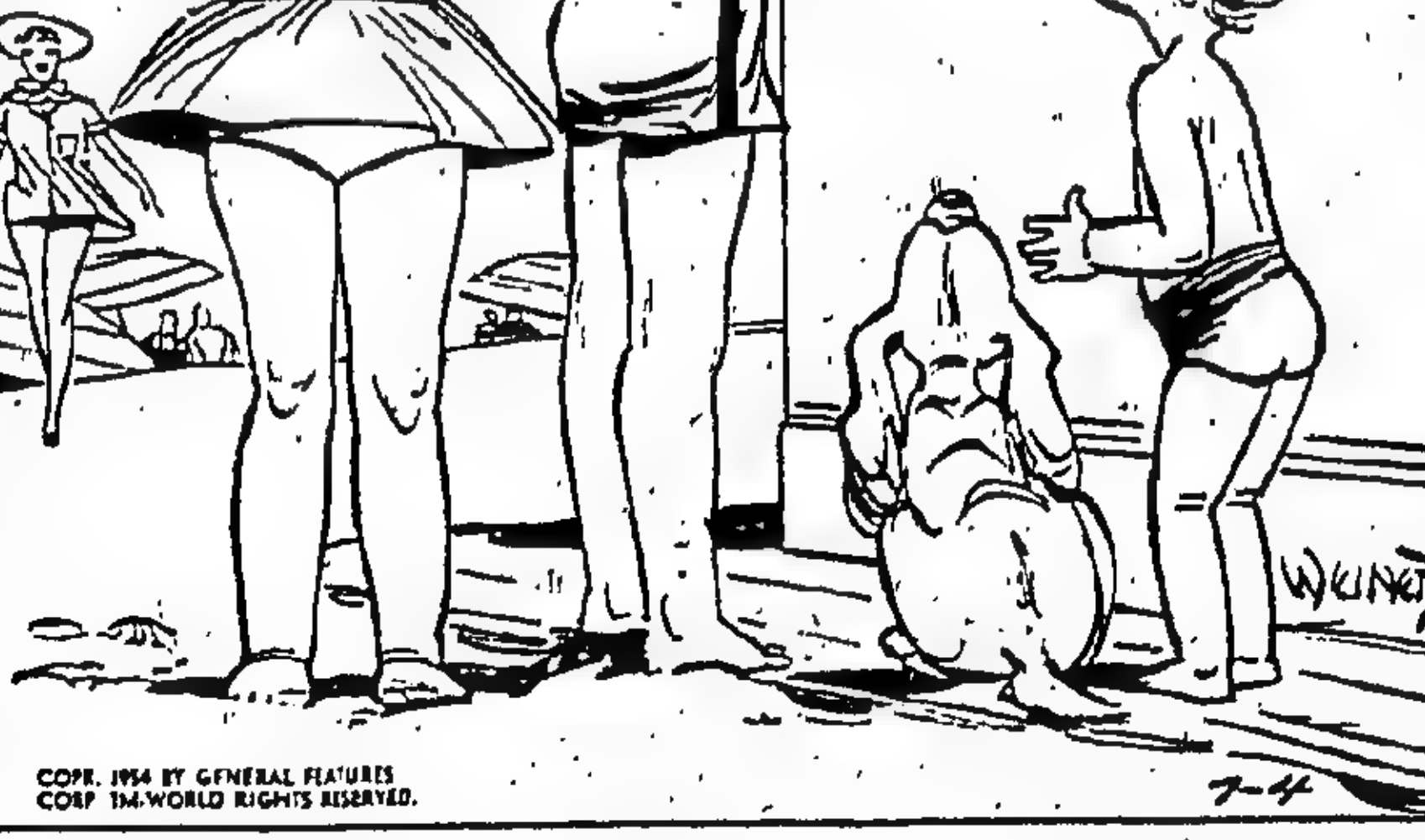
"IF YOU WANT TO GO FISHING—
AND SHE WANTS TO GO DINING—
SHOW YOUR INDEPENDENCE."



"THIS IS THE WAY TO ENJOY
THE FOURTH—NICE AND
QUIET—"



"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—
FOURTH TRIP
TO THE FILLING STATION."



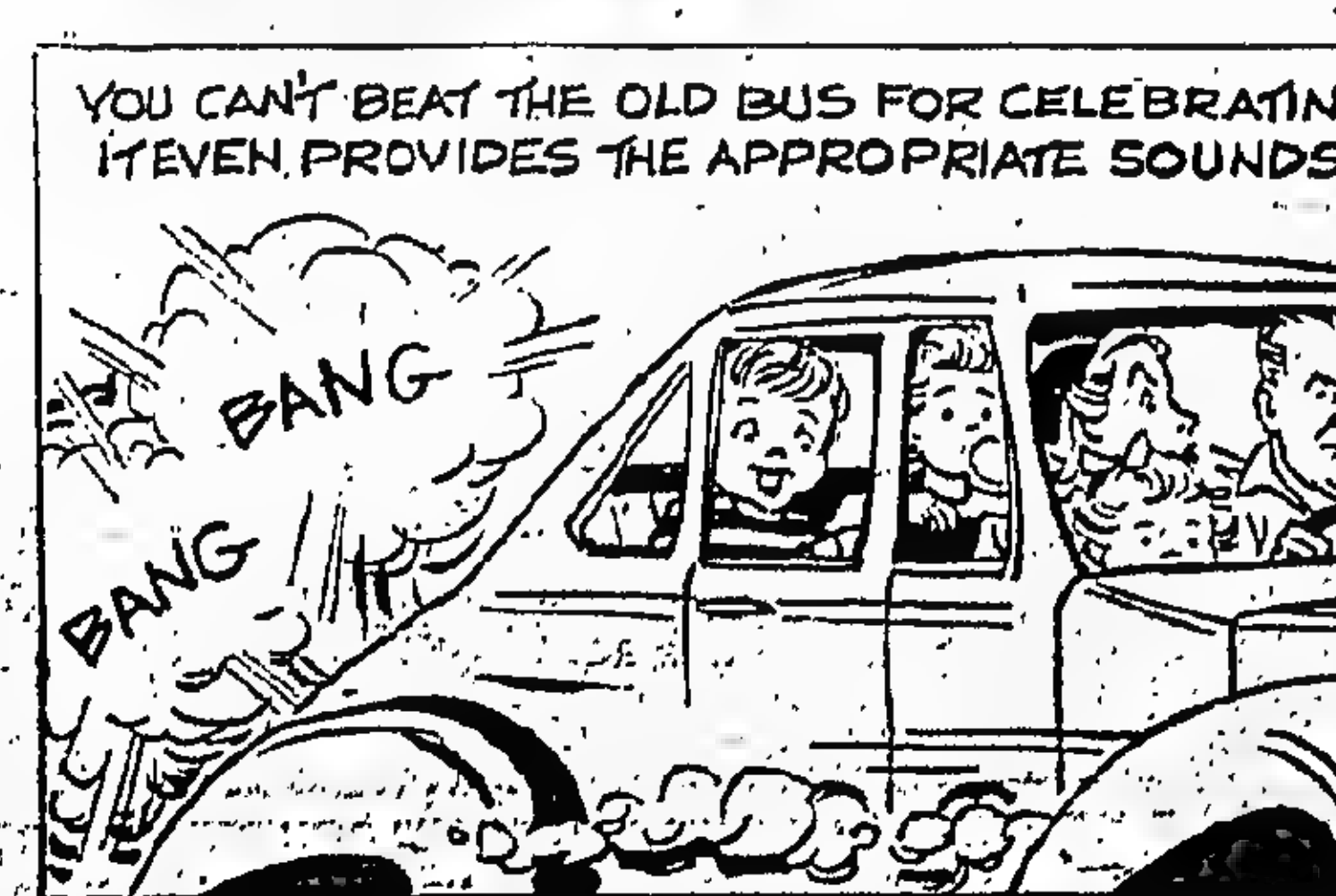
"YOU CAN'T BEAT THE OLD BUS FOR CELEBRATING THE FOURTH—
IT EVEN PROVIDES THE APPROPRIATE SOUNDS."



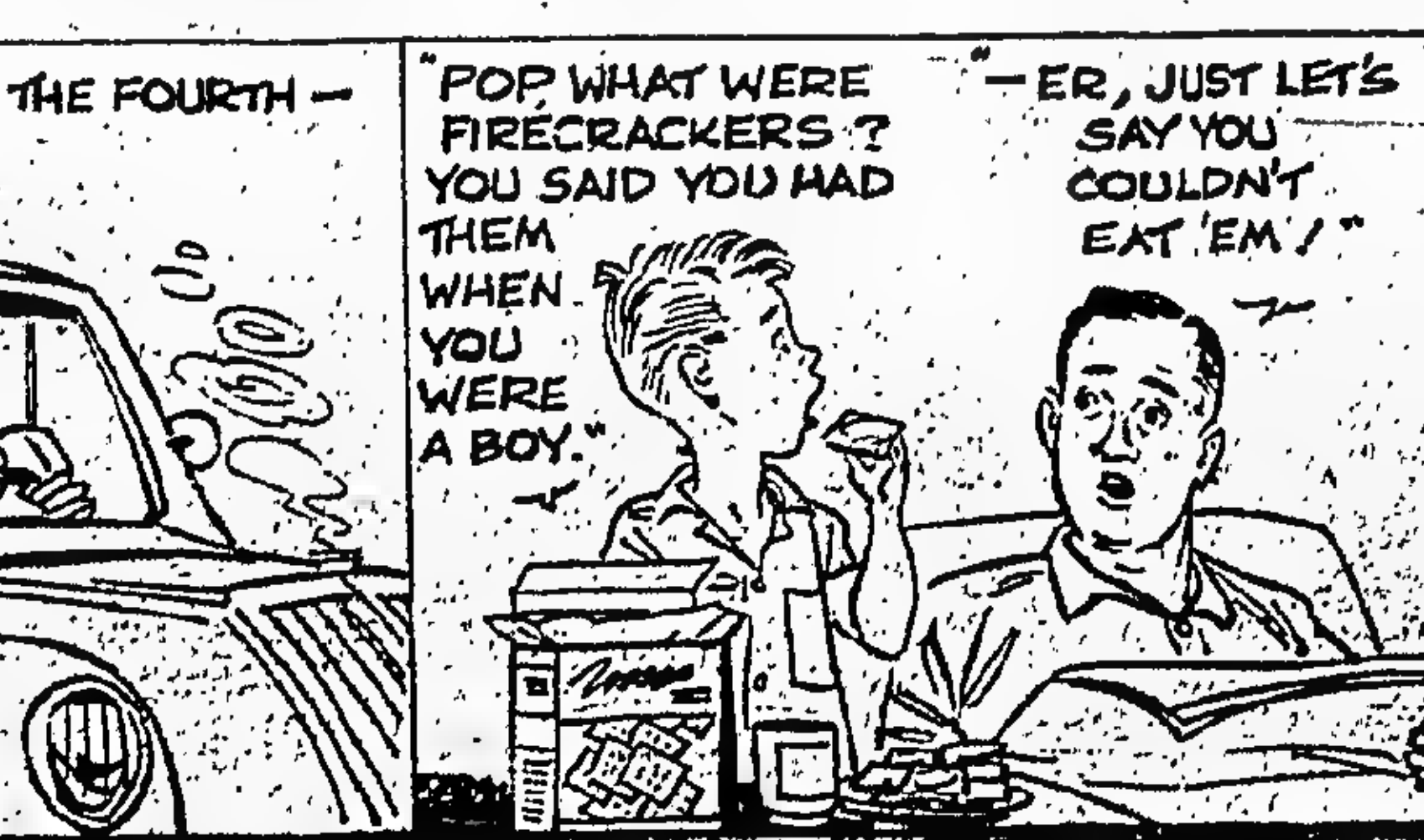
"ONE CAN'T BE TOO INDEPENDENT—
EVEN ON INDEPENDENCE DAY."



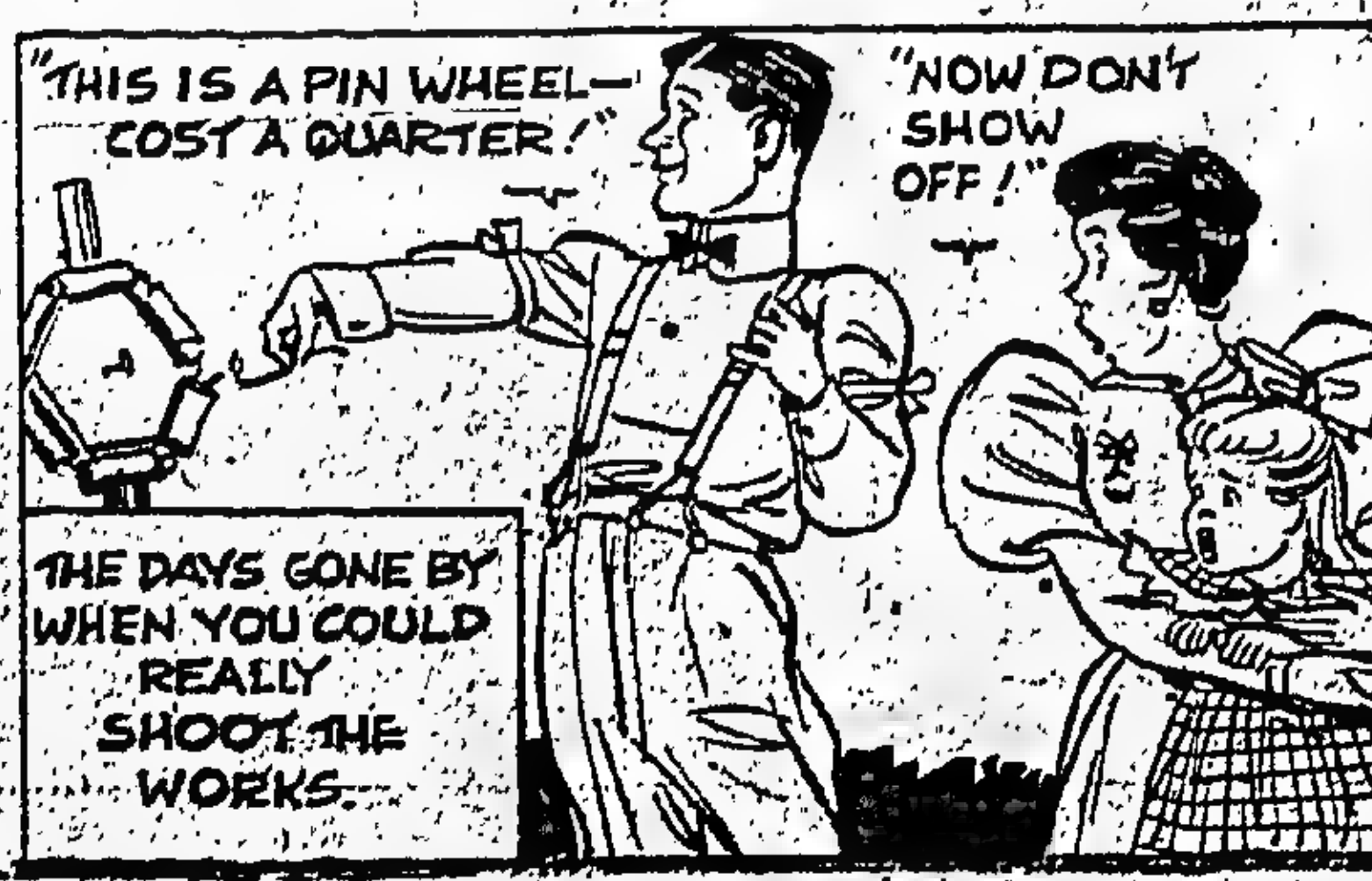
"GOTTA LIGHT PAL?"
"WHAT FOR?"
"PLAYING IT SAFE—"



"POP WHAT WERE
FIRECRACKERS?
YOU SAID YOU HAD
THEM
WHEN YOU
WERE A BOY."



"—ER, JUST LET'S
SAY YOU
COULDN'T
EAT 'EM."



"THIS IS A PIN WHEEL—
COST A QUARTER."
"NOW DON'T
SHOW OFF!"

HAVE THEY MADE UP?

By Charles Allen

New York.

HAVE Marilyn Monroe made it up? It looked like it at the preview of "The Seven Year Itch," the picture with shots of Marilyn standing over a subway ventilator which allegedly caused their final split-up.

Although billed as a press preview, the showing was attended by such celebrities as Grace Kelly, Milton Berle and Henry Fonda. Even after the picture started a batch of resolute photographers hung about the lobby, nashbulbs at the ready.

"Who're we waiting for now?" I inquired.

"Marilyn Monroe, who else?" replied the photographer, whipping up his camera as Marilyn and Joe entered the Criterion Theatre, 40 minutes late. She was wearing a sun-upte, white sheath, base legs, shoulder-length earrings and a dazzling smile. Joe was wearing a blue lounge suit and a grim expression, which he retained while a solid ring of photographers encircled them and clicked their cameras without a word for at least five minutes.

Happy Birthday

New York police (who seemed to be enjoying their work) finally had to clear a passage into the theatre for the couple.

"Come on, boys, there's no cake," there now," called an usher, in an attempt to clear the lobby of crowds.

"Happy birthday, Marilyn," called one of the cameramen as she passed.

It was the star's 27th birthday, and it was celebrated with a surprise party afterwards at Toots Shorn, one of New York's more famous sporting restaurants. Joe is said to have stalked out of the party while it was in full swing but returned later and unbent.

For anyone who is interested, "The Seven Year Itch" is quite hilarious. But anyone who expects an intimate close-up of Marilyn standing over a subway ventilator is in for a disappointment. Public opinion caused the removal from the facade of the theatre of a 52-foot cut-out of Marilyn at her draughtiest.

Substitution of a more restrained shot cost \$600, and apparently the film cutters went along with the trend. You could take a reasonably emancipated maiden aunt to see this much publicised picture without evoking more than a faint blush.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Monteverdi Vespers From York Minster

On Sunday evening at nine o'clock Radio Hongkong is broadcasting the Monteverdi Vespers. This rare performance of the Vespers of 1610 by Claudio Monteverdi is given in York Minster by the Sheffield Philharmonic Choir and the BBC Northern Orchestra.

The soloists are Elsie Morison and Adrienne Cole (soprano), Alfred Deller (counter-tenor), William McAlpine and Wilfred Brown (tenors) and Richard Standen (bass).

The viola da gamba is played by Desmond Dupre, the harpsichord by Charles Spinks, and the organ by Francis Jackson and Allan Wicks. The conductor is Walter Goehr, and the performance was recorded by the BBC.

Tuesday's Motoring Magazine programme, which is on the air at 9.30 p.m., will feature a second talk by Duncan Taylor about some of the amusing cars he has owned; a road test on two economy cars—the Citroën 2 C.V. and the Reliant Regal, both of which do over 50 miles to the gallon.

Then there will be the usual Brains Trust in which the panel of experts answer listeners' questions, and lastly, in celebration of one of the most outstanding feats of motoring of the century, Stirling Moss' victory in the Mille Miglia. William Smith will give a talk about this famous driver with material contributed specially by Stirling Moss himself. Motoring Magazine is edited and introduced by Timothy Birch.

CAPTAIN RIOU

On Wednesday evening at 9.15, the story of two episodes in the life of one of Nelson's fellow-officers, dramatized for broadcasting by Lucio Kennedy, will be on the air.

It is called "Captain Edward Riou"—and is compiled from Riou's own papers and other contemporary documents.

In 1780, Captain Riou was in command of the frigate "Guardian" on route to New South Wales, when a thousand miles out from the Cape of Good Hope the ship struck an iceberg and was badly holed. It was nine weeks before Riou was able to bring her safely back into Table Bay.

The second episode tells how—twenty years later, at the Battle of Copenhagen—Captain Riou's gallantry cost him his life, but played an important part in ensuring the victory of Nelson's fleet over the Danes.

Ludovic Kennedy has put the narrative into the mouths of two men who were actually there—Gimmore, who had been a midshipman in the "Guardian" and Dennis, who sailed with Riou to the Cape of Good Hope. The part of Riou is played by Andrew Cruickshank, with Derek Hart and McGregor as Gimmore. The production is by Maurice Brown.

AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE

On Monday night at 8.30, Radio Hongkong is broadcasting the first of a series of fortnightly programmes from Australia. Australian Magazine, which is produced by Radio Australia specifically for Radio Hongkong.

The purpose is to give listeners in Hongkong a better understanding of life in Australia, and the programmes will consist of interviews and discussions of all walks of life in the country.

AFTER THE BALL

When Oscar Wilde wrote "Lady Windermere's Fan" he could have had little idea in his mind that it would in 1954 be adapted as a musical play. In the idea of a musical play, if the idea could have had on the subject would have been to him at all any doubt he might have known that Noel Coward would be the writer and composer responsible for the adaptation, and Robert Helpmann its director.

Although "After the Ball"—the name now given to the adapted version of Oscar Wilde's play—opened in London to a very mixed reception, it is the show of the public interest, not to take the critics' word for it, and the show set down to be a comfortable run. On Tuesday evening listeners can hear, at 10 p.m., a recording of all the numbers in the production, which came from the Globe Theatre, London.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

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1.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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1.45 VICTOR YOUNG and his Singing Strings.
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
2.15 SYDNEY THOMPSON and VICTOR YOUNG.
2.30 "BACK TO THE DELTA."
2.45 THE DELTA DELTA and his Orchestra.
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL RE-QUIRY.
3.15 PRESENTED BY ROSEMARY.
3.30 FORTUNE TELLER.
3.45 ROSEMARY CLOONEY SINGS ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING SONGS.
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5.15 "A Star is Born."

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4.45 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
By Charles Dickens. Produced by Charles Lister.
5.15 "A Star is Born."

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 MUSICAL SHRAPNECK.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
1.45 VICTOR YOUNG and his Singing Strings.
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
2.15 SYDNEY THOMPSON and VICTOR YOUNG.
2.30 "BACK TO THE DELTA."
2.45 THE DELTA DELTA and his Orchestra.
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL RE-QUIRY.
3.15 PRESENTED BY ROSEMARY.
3.30 FORTUNE TELLER.
3.45 ROSEMARY CLOONEY SINGS ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING SONGS.
You'll never know (from "Hello, Hello").
On the Beach.
Toys and the Stars (from "The Harvey Girls").
It might as well be spring (from "State Fair").
The Rainbow (from "The Wizard of Oz").
In the Cool, cool, cool of the Evening (from "Here Comes the Groom").
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By Charles Dickens. Produced by Charles Lister.
5.15 "A Star is Born."

Alfred Newman and his Orch.
Symphony No. 9 Op. 125 (Shostakovich).
Edmund Kurlitz conducting the
Philharmonia-Symphony Orch. of
New York.

2.00 p.m. HOSPITAL RE-QUIRY.
Presented by Brenda.
3.00 p.m. EDUCATING ARCHIE.
With Peter Brown and Archie.
4.00 p.m. HOSPITAL RE-QUIRY.
Presented by Brenda.
4.30 p.m. GURRY PARTY.
A musical comedy solve a
problem. Act by Edward J.
Hanson.

5.00 p.m. HARRY HARRY'S RECORD
SESSION.
The last wild about Harry (Opening
and closing numbers). Mambo Italiano.
Rosmary Coney (vocal). Tell me,
tell me, tell me (vocal). Asia
Minor. Ted Heath and his Orchestra.
Siella (vocal). Carl. Dave
(vocal). Ratoff of the red-headed
reindeer. May May and his Orch.
The words that I whisper. Julie
and her Orchestra. Abroad. Frankie
Howard (vocal). The barefoot
Contessa. Hugo Winterhalter and his
Orch. Duke Box Raz. Anne Shelton
(vocal).
5.30 p.m. CARNIVAL TROPICANA.
Andre Kovalenko and his Or-
chestra.

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Cycling Tour Of Spain Brought Drama And Colour Into Rural Areas

Says HENRY BUCKLEY

Madrid.

The spotlight of the world of sport in Spain is focussed at present on a 20-year-old youth from Granada, who won 100,000 pesetas (£1,000) and fame by riding into second place in the recent round-Spain bicycle race.

The unassuming and unspectacular way in which this unknown youth from Granada, Antonio Jimenez Quilez, pedalled his way into second place in competition with the best riders of seven European nations and without any help from anyone, was an amazing achievement.

In the fiercely competitive sport of bicycle-racing, victors usually triumph because of the help of other riders—"domestiques"—the French call them. Spanish sport, therefore, is now regarded as having a new "star". For this shock-headed, small but dynamic Granadino could sandwich himself into second place between two such well-known cyclists as Datto of France (first) and Geminiani, also of France (third), while still only 20, his future should be good.

Perhaps the present phase of modernisation of life in Spain is responsible for the tremendous attention given by the Spanish press and radio to the first round-Spain race held since 1950. This year's race cost 6,000,000 pesetas (£60,000) to organise.

The principal newspaper financing the "tour," "El Pueblo Vasco" of Bilbao, doubled its circulation during the 15-day event. Pamplona, Saragossa, Laredo and other towns in industrial plants and shops closed early to allow employees to catch the arrival of some

100 cyclists of seven nations who took part in the race over 2,735 kilometres (just over 1,690 miles).

PUBLICITY TRUCKS

Preceded by a caravan of publicity trucks, the "tour" brought drama and colour into the quiet backwaters of a rural Spain, in which bicycles, bicycles with auxiliary motors, scooters and motorcycles are rapidly transforming the rhythm of life.

Most of the 150,000 residents of Granada, famous for its lovely Moorish Palace, the Alhambra, turned out to welcome Quilez when he arrived home after the race.

Asked for his recipe for cycling success, he told Granada newspapermen: "My success was due to eating plenty of steaks and lots of fried eggs."

Quilez was lucky in that he belonged to a group of little-known riders with the cumbersome name of the Catalonia-Aragon-Andalusia team.

As none of the team had any hope of finishing high up, they agreed that instead of dividing the prize money, as is customary, each would keep whatever he got.

In this way, Quilez was able to keep the whole 75,000 pesetas (£750) of the second prize as well as some 25,000 pesetas (£250) which he won in extra prizes.

Charles Pelissier in order to start off the season in good form.—Reuter.



London Express Service.

SKIPS' TABLE

FIRST DIVISION

R. F. Luz (Rec. "B")	P. W.	D. L. F.	Shots	Shots	Pts.
T. E. Baker (KCC)	7.5	0	1	172	108
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	7.5	0	2	150	134
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	7.5	0	3	142	129
B. W. Bradbury (CCC)	6.4	1	1	128	104
A. Harvey (KBGC)	6.4	0	2	128	95
C. E. Passos (Rec. "B")	4.4	0	0	122	69
J. McKelvie (KBGC)	6.4	0	2	124	101
A. E. Coates (CCC)	6.4	0	3	130	118
H. B. Dewar (PRC)	6.4	0	3	116	108
A. M. Omar (IRC "B")	5.3	1	1	111	82
D. Phillips (KCC)	4.3	1	0	90	69
F. Kernani (KCC)	3.3	0	0	58	45
K. Bodie (KCC)	6.3	0	3	116	106
A. A. Lopes (Rec. "W")	6.3	0	3	113	120

SECOND DIVISION

R. Gourlay (KDC)	7.5	0	1	159	112
E. Greenwood (HKFC)	7.5	0	2	179	105
B. L. Bickford (HKFC)	7.5	0	3	163	116
J. B. Baxter (TC)	6.5	0	1	131	98
A. E. Elliott (KDC)	7.5	0	3	156	128
W. B. Brown (TC)	7.5	0	3	161	139
R. Hetherington (USRC)	7.4	1	2	154	121
J. H. Kinniburgh (TC)	7.4	1	2	156	127
A. C. Sequiera (FC)	7.4	1	2	142	137
R. Tay (CCC)	6.4	0	2	136	112
K. Fortuna (KBGC)	7.4	0	3	130	157
F. D. Angus (HKCC)	7.4	0	3	127	145
D. Agnew (USRC)	7.4	0	3	127	145
W. M. McCall (KDC)	6.3	0	3	136	108
W. J. Howard (KCC)	8.3	0	5	168	151
C. Lee (KCC)	5.3	0	2	108	99
J. Leonard (CCC)	3.3	0	0	58	52

THIRD DIVISION

J. Revie (KDC)	7.5	0	1	173	110
A. G. Gardner (HKFC)	7.5	0	1	162	126
R. Lapsley (KDC)	7.5	0	1	163	120
W. C. McKinnon (KDC)	7.5	0	1	152	133
W. C. Mings (POC)	6.4	0	2	132	121
V. A. V. Ribeiro (FC)	6.4	0	2	132	123
H. Shields (HKFC)	7.3	2	2	142	143
A. Hutton (KBGC)	6.3	1	1	101	103
L. J. McTavish (POC)	6.3	1	3	159	98
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	4.3	0	1	84	68
J. S. Sloan (HKFC)	6.3	0	2	105	101
C. E. Terry (KBGC)	6.3	0	2	105	102
R. Mackenzie (PRC)	5.3	0	4	138	139
M. N. Rakusen (HKFC)	7.3	0	2	92	111
E. Champelovier (KCC)	5.3	0	2	92	111

SPORTS SURVEY

Not Often Does A Record Stand For 64 Years In These Days Of Progress

Says ALL-ROUNDER

Not often in these days of rapid athletic progress does a record stand for 64 years. Yet such a one has just been broken in Yorkshire. When young Charlie Kelly did 21 ft. 7½ ins. in the County Schools long jump Championship it was 9½ ins. better than that accomplished by H.M. Tupper in 1891. The same Tupper later became a Cambridge "Blue", then Canon Tupper, and a Vicar in Scarborough, and now lives in retirement near London.

Peter Hearn, the Kent left-handed batsman, was stood down from the match against Northampton at Tunbridge Wells at his own request. Reason: He had scored five "ducks" in his last six innings.

Twelve months ago, Mr John Ritchie, former captain of Leyland (Lancs) Golf Club did the third hole in one. Using the same ball last week, he wrecked all the odds by again driving the third hole in one. During the intervening year the ball was once lost in the

rough when his wife was practising and only recovered after a long search. It has never since been played in a match, however, until Mr Ritchie led it up to "achieve the incredible double."

BY DEED POLL
A waiter was "told" in an Antigua hotel by the Australian all-rounder, Keith Miller, that he looked like the great West Indian batsman Everton Weekes. Later Miller received a letter saying that the waiter had changed his name from Jackson to Weekes by deed poll.

They have found a new word in South Africa for football skill par excellence. It is "mashed." This is the result of the visit of Stanley Matthews to the Union where he was paid £1,000 for three matches—four and a half hours work.

The Manchester City side which played in the last Cup Final at Wembley consisted of five Englishmen, two Scotsmen, a Welshman, an Irishman, a Channel Islander and a German. That must, indeed, be an international record for Wembley.

Alan Watson, fast medium bowler of Colne (Lancs) Grammar School Old Boys, has just played in his 140th successive game for them. He has not missed a match since 1947 when the Colne League restarted after the last war.

Prior to that he played for two seasons for them in "friendly" matches. In 7½ years he has taken 511 League wickets at a cost of less than six runs each and has hit 1,311 runs at

an average of 12 per innings. A Colne solicitor and the League secretary his best scores are 71 and his best bowling feat eight for two in 1949.

ARMY CYCLING

The Army Individual 25 Miles Road Time Trial Cycling Championship was won by Pte. Arthur Jackson, Army School of Health with a time of 59 mins. 47 secs. 12 secs. better than Sigma, Tommy Oldfield. Sigma, Johnny Brennan was third. There were 101 starters. The training event was won by 3rd Training Bn. RAOC with 4 Training Bn. REME second and 6 Training Bn. REME third.

Club making the biggest clear-out of players in the League this summer is North Forest. On the transfer list are Harry Walker, the goalkeeper who won a Cup Final medal with Portsmouth in 1939; Hugh McLaren, winger signed only recently from Derby County; Horace Gager, centre half and captain, previously with Luton; Noel Kelly, Irish International inside forward; Ron Blackman, the centre forward with a reputation from Reading; and expensive Scottish signings Tommy Martin and Alan Orr.

Bristol City return to Division Two after an absence of 23 years. They were relegated in 1931-32, with Barnsley, who also got promotion with them. In 1932-33 Manchester United, Preston North End and Burnley were struggling in Division Two and Bradford, Bradford City and Millwall finished in the top half of the table. How times change!

LEAGUE BOWLS

KCC HOLD SPOTLIGHT IN CLASH THIS AFTERNOON WITH CRAIGENGOWER

By "TOUCHER"

Senior Division League-leaders, Kowloon Cricket Club take the spotlight in this afternoon's League matches when they clash with Craigen-gower at Cox's Road in their last first-round match.

Among the many interested spectators expected to be present at this game there will be undoubtedly be many members of the idle Recreation "Blues" team, whose prospects for retaining the senior title will be greatly influenced by the outcome of this encounter.

"Often the conquerors, but seldom the Champions" has been the fate of the Kowloon Cricket Club First Division bowlers for many seasons. So far they have won the Championship only once since 1910 and that was in 1931. They came very close to it last year, when they had to be content with being runners-up to the Recreation "Blues". They are very much closer to it this season and, judging by the form they have shown so far, stand a 55-55 chance of being crowned this season's Champions.

CRUCIAL GAME
This afternoon's game will be a crucial one for the Kowloonites. Although they enjoy a 3½-point lead over the Champion Recreation "Blues" at the moment, the Portuguese bowlers are almost assured of five points in their remaining first round match against IRC "Gold". A defeat for the Kowloonites will mean their being overtaken by their closest rivals at the end of the first half of the League programme.

With the confidence that they are now showing and the accurate bowls that they are now playing, I cannot, however, see the cricketers going down this afternoon, and I strongly tip them to enjoy a valuable lead of at least 2½ points when the curtain rises on the second round. The green should be on the heavy side this afternoon and this should prove a disadvantage to at least two of the Craigen-gower skips, Bradbury and Coates. The worst that the Craigen-gower team can do is probably only to drop one point.

On the Island, another keen tussle is promised in the match between the Indian Recreation Club "Blues" and the Kowloon Bowling Green Club. Both clubs have had their bids for Championship honours greatly blunted during the past few weeks, but both are still within reach of the title.

For both teams this match will be a battle for survival in which the losers will be left completely out of the running. The IRC green is playing extremely well and green and advantage will be almost negligible but the more aggressive play of the Indians will probably be the deciding factor in carrying them through this afternoon to a likely 4-1 win. The other two matches in the First Division this afternoon are also not without their significance.

TIGHT RACE "Gold", Recreation "Whites" and Filipino Club are all involved in a tight race to avoid relegation. The Indians, with seven points in six matches, will be away to the Filipinos who have five points with one game in hand. The Filipinos look the slightly superior team and with green advantage in their favour should be able to improve their League position. "Byron" and "Whites" with 6½ points in six matches have the hardest nut to crack among the three tail-enders, as they will have not only the Police Recreation Club to play against but also the Police Recreation Club green to play on.

Unless the custodians of the law are completely off their form—which incidentally is very seldom when it comes to playing on their own green—prospects for the "Whites" securing even one point seem to be very bleak.

In the Second Division games main interest will be centred on the two dock teams, Talook and Kowloon Docks. Both teams will be playing their last first round match this afternoon, and it seems extremely likely that by the end of the afternoon Kowloon Dock will have regained the League leadership which they lost to Talook by half a point last week.

The Kowloon dockmen are at home to last-placed Police Recreation Club. Despite the sudden awakening to life of the Police bowlers last week when they surprised Kowloon Cricket Club by scoring their first three points of the season against the Kowloonites, the Dockyard bowlers may confidently expect five points this afternoon. With their opponents, Craigen-gower Cricket Club, also in the running for the title, Talook will have a big obstacle to surmount at Happy Valley.

RATHER UNLUCKY
Last year the Talook bowlers were rather unlucky to have had to play on "fady" tracks

greens when they lost to the Happy Valley team by 4-1.

They can be assured, however, of an extremely fine green this afternoon to play on, and unless the grass is far on the heavy side, will have the odds slightly in their favour.

The Valley Club has spread out its bowlers into three equally-balanced fours to counter the well-balanced Talook fours skipped by Kinniburgh, Brown and Baxter.

There should be keen tussle in every rink and although Talook is picked to win by 4-1, the score could range from 0-5 to 5-0, depending on the form of the afternoon.

In the Third Division, Kowloon Dock are already assured of the division title, and will further consolidate their position this afternoon in their game against USRC.

Interest will mainly be focussed in the race for second place with Iron Officers' Club and Hongkong Electric as the main contenders.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS
An additional feature in local lawn bowls during the past week has been the start made in the Singles and Rinks events of the Colony Open Championships.

The rinks event did not have a propitious day to start on and although a start was made in one of the nine first round matches scheduled for Sunday, none could be played off to a decision. Only two games were eventually decided during the week with Ogley's four triumphing over S. L. Leonard's four by 10-18. B. B. Marshall's Talook Club four edging out their Talook clubmates, skipped by McLennan, by 25-20.

A far greater number of matches were played off in the singles, but in comparison to the number of games decided was far less satisfactory. It seems that a number of competitors not only in this event but also in other events of the Colony Open Championships are still unaware of the Championship rules which stipulate "In the event of any players failing to complete their match by the official date set for the playing of the round, concerned the Competitions Sub-committee shall declare the match defaulted and shall strike out the names of the players concerned from the competition."

Competitors must check up with the convenors of the greens, on which they are scheduled to play to find out if the greens are opened or not. Even if they have mutually agreed to all the match off, they must inform not only the Hon. Secretary of the Association but also the green convenors in fairness to the clubs who are making their greens available for the Championship games.

Clubs have reserved special links for Championship games at the expense of depriving their members of an afternoon's game and the wastage of rinks is certainly to be deplored when they remain open for the whole afternoon without any bowler making use of them.

MATTER OF COURTESY
Apart from that, of course, there is the more important matter of courtesy. It has been officially announced that the Association will strictly enforce this rule and has already taken action in one case of infringement.

Coming to the games themselves, 27 out of the 37 games scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Thursday were decided. Two of these were decided by walkovers. Among the matches played there were no major upsets, except perhaps in the defeat of B. W. Bradbury, a former Champion, by J. H. Goodman of Police Recreation Club.

Holder of the Police Singles title, Goodman showed in this match that he is a contender to be reckoned with in this season's Championship.

He improved not only in winning the game but also with the clear margin of his victory. He opened with a four and followed this up with two threes, a two and another three to take a lead of 15-0—one of the biggest leads ever recorded in the history of the Championships.

Another notable win, of the week was that of the promising Craigen-gower bowler, C. C. Ma, over IRC's S. Yusuf. Veteran of many Singles campaigns in the past, Yusuf could do little

against the all-round display of his opponent, who won decisively 21-9.

Ma is the current KCC runner-up to J. S. Landolt, and has already to his credit a single win over former Champion W. Hong Sling. His progress will be of special interest to the new crop of up and coming bowlers.

TALKING POINTS
I have listed several talking points for this week, as a result of watching some of the Colony Championship games. First and foremost, it must be brought to the attention of all bowlers and even managers and umpires that they must read and know fairly well all the rules of the game and of the Championship before they come down to play or umpire their first match.

My first point deals with the subject of spectators. This has been brought up time and again in the heat of excitement. It is very often forgotten. Law XIV states "Persons not engaged in the game should be situated clear of and beyond the limits of the rink of play and clear of verges. They shall preserve an attitude of strict neutrality, and neither by word nor act disturb or advise the players."

In at least one match in the Championships so far that rule has been infringed and more especially when they are bowlers themselves realise it, the less likelihood will there be of discontent and bad feelings. Another point concerns especially markers. Very often overlooked is Duty No. (3) under the heading of Duties of Marker in Law XV of the I.B.B.

This says "He (the marker) shall ensure that the jack is not less than twenty-five yards from the front of the mat after it has been centred."

In one Singles game I saw that the mat was pulled up to about four yards from the ditch (within regulation as in the previous head the jack had last lain about three yards from the ditch). The jack was now thrown hardly a foot past the second flag. The marker satisfied himself that the jack was past the flag but did not satisfy himself that the distance between the front of the mat and the jack was 25 yards or more. The last point has to do also with the duties of the marker. No. (5) duty states that he shall answer affirmatively or negatively a player's enquiry as to whether a bowl is jack high, and may indicate the distance of any bowl from the jack."

The question is: when is a bowl truly jack-high? This does not seem important to many bowlers, but it actually is in really accurate bowls.

STANDARD DEFINITION
A standard definition should be established for local bowls. In a number of countries a really jack-high bowl is defined as a bowl which is situated in such a way that the part of the bowl nearest to the front of the mat is in line with the part of the jack that is furthest away from the front of the mat.

If the bowl is touching the jack, the jack can be trailed, but in our ordinary loose usage of the term jack-high, the jack when touching the bowl cannot be trailed but can only be aligned. In the definition given of a jack-high bowl there will also be less likelihood of a bowl, when far away from the jack being clipped in towards the jack, although there have been instances when the bowl has been clipped in from well behind the jack, especially on a wide-drawing green.

That there must therefore be a fixed definition of the term jack-high among all local markers and umpires and even among our skips and No. 2s is therefore of special importance.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
PRC v Recreation "W"
KCC v CCC
IRC "B" v KBGC
FC v IRC "G"
Recreation "B" (bye)
Second Division
KDC v PRC
HKFC v USRC
HKFC v PRC
CCC v FC
KCC (bye)
Third Division
KCC v POC
KBGC v PRC
HKFC v FC
KDC v USRC
HKFC (bye)

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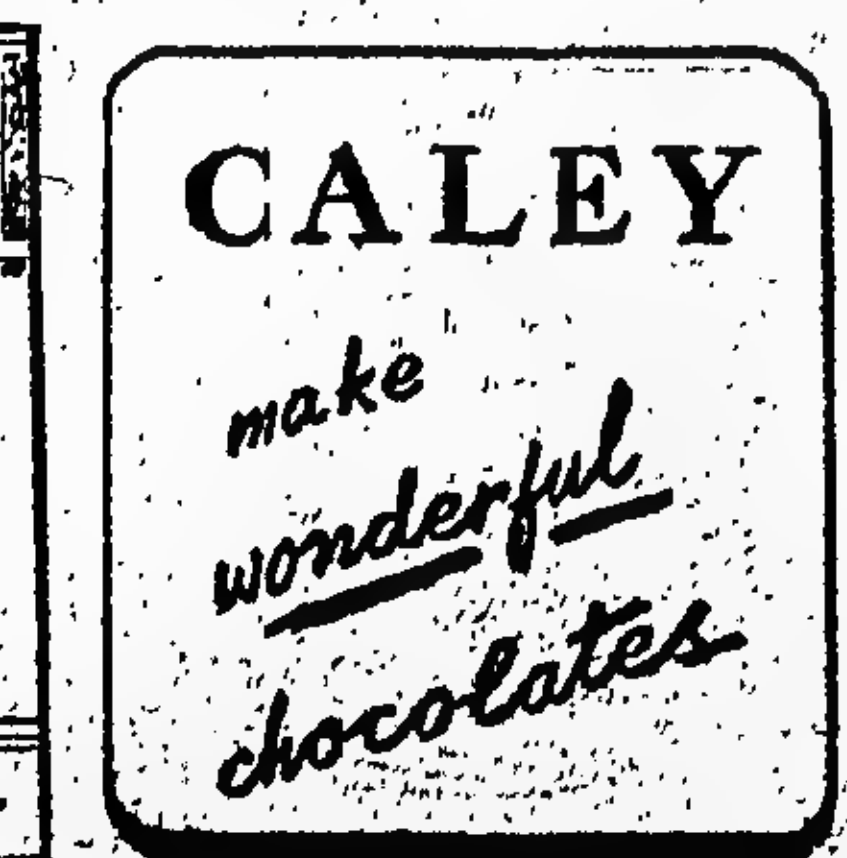
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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

J. C. White

By ARCHIE QUICK

"If you should motor through the pleasant lanes of Somersetshire from the County town of Taunton to the 'doss' at Perleek you will assuredly pass the fields of which stretch up into the foothills of the rolling Mendips. Would you recognise the owner if he happened to be around?"

Obviously of yeoman stock, but not bucolic in the rural fashion. A studious face, hooked nose, surmounted by a crop of white hair. Look at his long, delicate fingers. He played for Somerset at cricket, he went to Cambridge University, although he never got his "Blue"—owing to World War I—but he did play for England, and with great honour too.

The name, is J. C. White, "Farmer John" both here and in Australia, and now 64 years of age. Remember that amble to the wicket, and the tonalising slows he used to trundle along!

Down Under they still talk of him as the greatest of English slow bowlers, probably because they remember that incredible feat of his in the Third Test Match at Melbourne in 1929 when his accuracy and endurance paved the way for an English victory by three wickets against the might of Woodfull, Richardson, Kippax, Hendry, Ryder, Bradman, Oldfield, a Beckett, a Xenham, Grimmett and Blackie.

Larwood took four wickets in the match; Tate four; Garry five, Hammond one—but White captured six. It was not the six wickets that mattered so much as the way in which he closed one end for 14 overs and enabled A.P.F. Chapman to rest his shock attack.

Over after over White sent down and of the 114 of them, no fewer than fifty were "maideners"! Tale managed 32 "maideners", but the next was ten by Wally Hammond. White's effort was a match-winner, and it clinched the series for England.

DOUBLE CENTURY
Mr White was at Lords the other day looking very much the West Country farmer. He told me that he gets very little time to watch County cricket; in fact, saw Somerset only on two single days last summer. "I am just a vice-president of the local club," he said. Recalling the Melbourne triumph, he said: "Yes, I suppose I did not in a way that don't forget Hammond got a double century. Sutcliffe a single one, and we had fair batting strength in Hobbs, Chapman, Hendren, Jardine and Garry as well. It wasn't all bowling."

John took 2,358 first class wickets in all and obtained 100 wickets in a season on 14 occasions. He took all ten wickets in an innings against Worcestershire at Worcester in 1921 for 78 runs, and had 16 wickets in a day, also against hapless Worcestershire, at Bath on 1919 at a cost of only 23 runs. He also succeeded in scoring 1,000 runs and taking 100 wickets in a summer on two occasions.

Mr White played in all five Tests, during A.P.F. Chapman's triumphant tour of Australia in 1928, and had his last Test Match of 1930—the only other time he appeared against the Aussies, the played in four Tests in South Africa in 1931, appeared three times against the South-Africans in England in 1929 and had his first Test against the West Indies at Manchester in 1928—fourteen Tests in all.

HUTTON WILL BE BACK AND IN FINE FORM BY NEXT SEASON

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

"So many people have started burying Len Hutton as a Test player that I gladly take this chance to say that he is not dead yet. Far from it. He did a fine, sporting thing when he walked into that meeting of the England selectors last Sunday week and told them he was packing up the Test struggle for the whole summer."

That couldn't have been easy to do. Put yourself in his place. He had been picked as England's captain for the full season—and that means £75 a Test match, apart from the honour—yet, because he didn't feel at his peak he said "Leave me out... I need a full summer away from it all."

This is the wisest thing Hutton has ever done. Perhaps he should have done it last year when he first cracked up under the strain of non-stop cricket responsibility. If he could have taken the full season off then he might have been a new man now.

But Hutton will be back against my cobbles from Australia next summer. He is still too good a player not to be, if you can follow that logic. Maybe they won't saddle him with the captaincy again; in fact I doubt whether Len will want it. But he will be knocking up the runs.

Why am I so confident? Because now that he has shed the weight of test responsibility—and nobody should underestimate that burden in these days of intensive publicity, radio, and T.V.—Len may quickly snap into his old form. And if he can do this, I guarantee his lumbago and rheumatism will disappear.

After all, when you look back down the years, quite a number

of good players have come back to Test cricket. My old colleague Don Bradman did it at the ripe old cricket age of 40. Just after the war he had such a bad back that he hardly played any cricket at all. Yet he came over here in 1948 and still seemed to be able to pick off a hundred when he liked.

Then over here there was a fellow called John Berry Hobbs who also did a bit of useful batting rather late in the day. Hobbs restarted his cricket after the First World War when he was 38 and was still playing in the England side until he was 47. But Hobbs was the most correct player ever, you say? Agreed, but isn't Hutton too?

Because of that war-time injury which shortened his left arm by a full inch-and-a-half, Len has a somewhat odd grip. His left hands is too far round the back of the bat-handle to be completely orthodox. But look how he clips that square drive of his—as a result!

Anyway, though it's always rash to dip into the future, I

don't mind prophesying that Hutton will strike such excellent form before very long they just won't be able to keep him out of the England side.

I am writing these notes before the second Test starts so by the time this reaches print I am hoping young Ken Barrington will have taken his second chance. I would like to congratulate the England selectors on this gesture of faith in the youngster. I only hope they go further and give him a third game as well.

The selection of Fred Titmus was another shrewd move, because the South Africans have shown an astonishing weakness against the slow off-turner. Titmus took eight wickets in five innings against them earlier in the season and they have tumbled before the same stuff from young Hector of Worcestershire and McCann of Glamorgan.

The reason? They still can't get used to the idea that in this country you have to get right behind the flight of the ball and right to the pitch when it is turning. The alternative is to get right back and play really off the back foot when you have binned how much the ball is breaking. The South Africans, I fear, are still reaching too much and leaving too much of a gap between bat and pads.

PAY THE AMATEURS
Did you notice the other day that Norman Yardley, the Yorkshire skipper, was advocating the adoption over here of Australia's system of paying fees to all players who take part in first-class matches? In other words he suggests that it is time the terms "amateur" and "professional" disappeared and that all should be known as cricketers and treated alike.

It is certainly taking you a long time to get round to that idea over here. I asked you bluntly—can you possibly afford to play regular full-time cricket without any pay whatsoever in these days? Very few indeed are lucky enough to have jobs which can pay them enough to live on and yet leave them free to play cricket all day in the summer.

I agree with Yardley that one of the things that could stimulate County cricket today would be the return of amateurs who could take part in occasional matches without losing by it financially.

If they were only paid enough to compensate for earnings lost elsewhere, it would be sufficient incentive.

If we didn't do that in Australia, we wouldn't have any first class cricket at all. Every body has to do a job there and nobody can afford to play four-day cricket, or Test cricket, without some compensation for salary lost. There must be a lot of good cricketers over here in the same boat.

COACHING HINT
I am never dogmatic about grip regularities. I remember the great Bradman too well for that. But I think one generalisation holds: to get full power the hands must be together.



BRUCE DOOLAND

The MCC Are Terribly Worried By The Cricket Crawl In Test Matches

Chairman of England's Test Selectors, Mr "Gubby" Allen, one of the eleven in the hectic "bodyline" days, said at Nottingham during the latest cricket crawl there: "The MCC are fully conscious of what is happening and are terribly worried about it." He was referring to present day lethargic batting and the slough in which Test cricket in particular has fallen.

On the Trent Bridge wicket, a pitch noted for prolific run getting, England and South Africa managed to total 561 runs between them in the first three days' play. An aggregate of eighteen hours' play, less a quarter of an hour's stoppage through bad light, brought an average of 31 runs per hour.

The crowd yawned, but soon the crowd will be slaying away at batsmen and what will the game do then, poor thing? Many Nottingham spectators were off home long before the finish of the day's boredom.

Johnny Wardle was allowed to bowl a Test record of thirteen successive "maiden" overs, and no one is going to tell me that men fit to play for their country should ignore scoring off 78 consecutive deliveries. At the end of the day Wardle tried to induce Ian Smith to hit out by sending him along a long hop and a full pitch. Both gifts were gently patting back.

TO COURT FAILURE
It is all very well to say that in attempting to save the follow-on South Africa could not afford to take risks, but this has become a general state of affairs, not only in this match but in many Test matches preceding it.

The joy of it all has gone out of the game for the players because they cannot afford to court failure, and simultaneously the joy has departed for the long-suffering paying public.

Bowlers today play defensively just short of a length outside of the off stump, and the tragedy of it is that there are no batsmen today whose footwork is sufficiently good enough to alter the length of those deliveries—Dennis Compton, perhaps excepted. Bradman moved to those balls and slashed them through

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Can A Top-Class Cricketer Become A Cup Final Referee?

When John Langridge, George Cox and Jim Wood retire from first-class cricket at the end of this season, Don Smith will become the senior Sussex professional at the early age of 31.

For the 15 years he has been on the staff he has been known essentially as an opening left-handed bat. In fact over that long period he had taken only nine wickets at the expensive cost of 513 runs as a bowler.

The new Sussex captain, Robin Martler, however, has seen his potential as a left arm medium class "bowler", as a replacement for Wood. That faith was at last justified at Tunbridge Wells when Smith took the first five Kent wickets, all of them bowled for only 35 runs.

He bowled unchanged for 2½ hours, excluding a lunch break, sending down 30 overs and 18 of them were maidens. In fact seven of his first nine overs were not scored off and the five runs he had hit off his bowling were all in his first over.

Once a good County footballer, Smith's winter hobby is refereeing, and he has just gained his Class I certificate. This means he is now qualified to go on to the Football League list. Will he become the first top-class cricketer to referee a Cup Final? The nearest I know to that record is that Johnny Lockton, the Surrey amateur once referred an Amateur Cup Final.

NEGATIVE CRICKET
Alan Watt, the former Kent bowler was at Tunbridge Wells, and he had some pungent things to say about modern cricket. Of

Smith's run of seven successive maidens he said, "Bowlers these days drop the ball just short of a length, testing a batsman's patience and teasing him out. It is negative cricket and it is ruining the game. Batsmen are to blame, too, for not being quick-scotted enough to drive that sort of stuff."

In the first match of the Tunbridge Wells week, Frank Tyson left early for London to see a doctor about his heel and Northamptonshire lost. Says Alan Watt: "In my days if we were in danger of losing, a player would have had to bat with a runner."

"Tests are taking preference over County games because of the financial angle, and that is wrong. Godfrey Evans will be lost to Kent for twelve matches this season, but he is on the County pay sheet."

Kent struggling financially, have signed three professionals on special registrations—Pettiford, the Australian; Brazier from Surrey and Disbury from Lancashire. They each get £10 a week all the year round plus expenses, on a three-year contract, and Kent can ill-afford that £25,000.

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

WHAT A LOVELY MORNING— I'D LOVE TO GO FOR A WALK.

WELL, WHY NOT?

LEAVE ME TO COOK THE DINNER.

YOU COULDN'T DO IT.

OH YES I COULD, YOU'LL SEE LATER.

IT'S ALL READY, I HOPE GAYE WON'T BE LONG.

Oh dear, it'll be spoilt if she doesn't come home soon.

GAYE, YOU'RE LATE—THE MEAL'S BEEN READY OVER AN HOUR.

SORRY, DEAR—I MET MURIEL.

IT'S TOO BAD OF YOU—I SPEND HOURS SLAVING OVER A HOT STOVE AND YOU COME HOME LIKE THIS.

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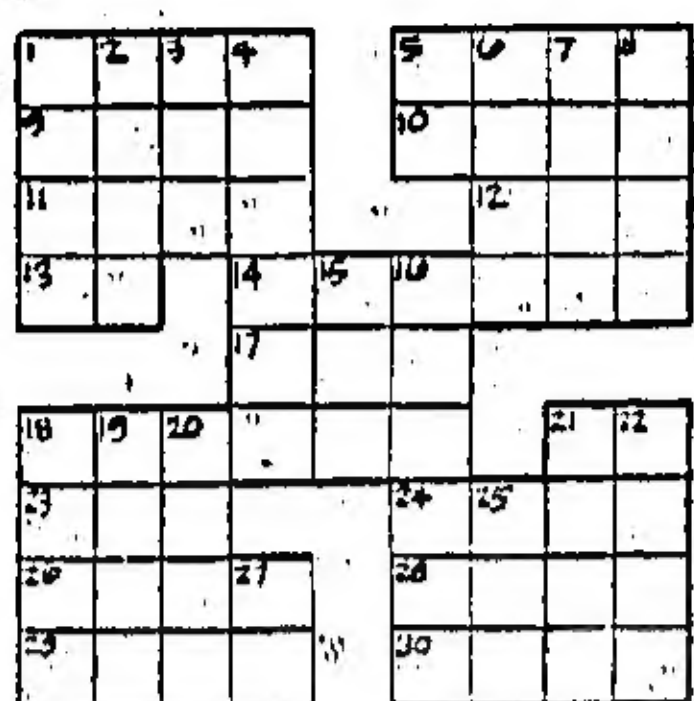
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Honolulu, Hawaiian island
- 5 Another Hawaiian island
- 8 Scow
- 10 Present month (ab.)
- 11 Military cap
- 12 Born
- 13 Compass point
- 14 Small candles
- 17 Before
- 18 Heavy
- 21 Bore
- 23 Make a mistake
- 24 Summon
- 26 Arrow poison
- 28 Many small— are included in the Hawaiian group
- 29 Bodies of water
- 30 Conduct

DOWN

- 1 Sturdy trees
- 2 Afresh
- 3 Skip, and jump
- 4 Hawaii is a territory of the States
- 5 Musical note
- 6 British princess
- 7 Employer
- 8 Followers
- 15 There — nine inhabited islands in the Hawaiian group
- 16 Writing implement
- 18 Hawaiian wreaths
- 19 Sea eagle
- 20 Hawaii has an — of 8,433 square miles
- 21 Palm leaf
- 22 Winter vehicle
- 25 Peer Gyn's mother
- 27 Electrical term

HAWAIIAN REBUS

If you use the words and pictures to good advantage, you will easily find the four facts about Hawaii that have been hidden in this rebus:



DIAMOND

MOLOKAI, one of the Hawaiian islands, provides the Puzzleman with a centre for his word diamond. The second word is a "witticism", third "extending to the cheek", fifth "silly", and sixth, its short-rapped fabric. Complete the diamond:

M
O
L
O
K
A
I
K
A
I

CODED MESSAGE

The Puzzleman used a simple code in constructing his sentence about Hawaii. Can you decipher the code? As a clue, the eighth word is "volcano".

Ibxbjlt Nbvob Mpb h ulf
mbahfu bdujrt wpmdbop h
ulf xpsme

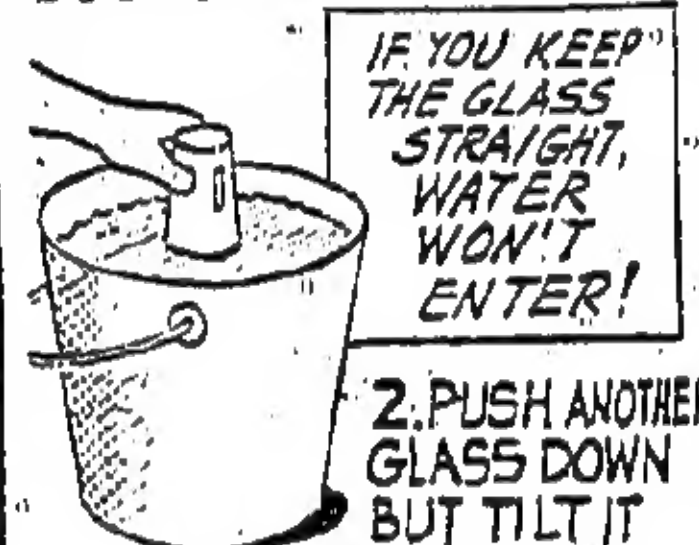
HAWAIIAN MIX-UPS

Three facts about Hawaii are hidden in these strange lines. Just rearrange the letters in each to find them:

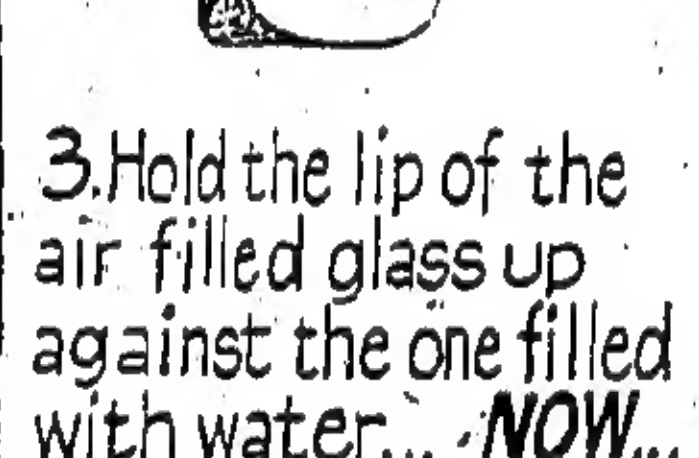
SLID VANS AN COLIC
DUKE A LOAM ANU ANNA
AMA
RIFE TIP FORTE LEAN
(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO POUR AIR

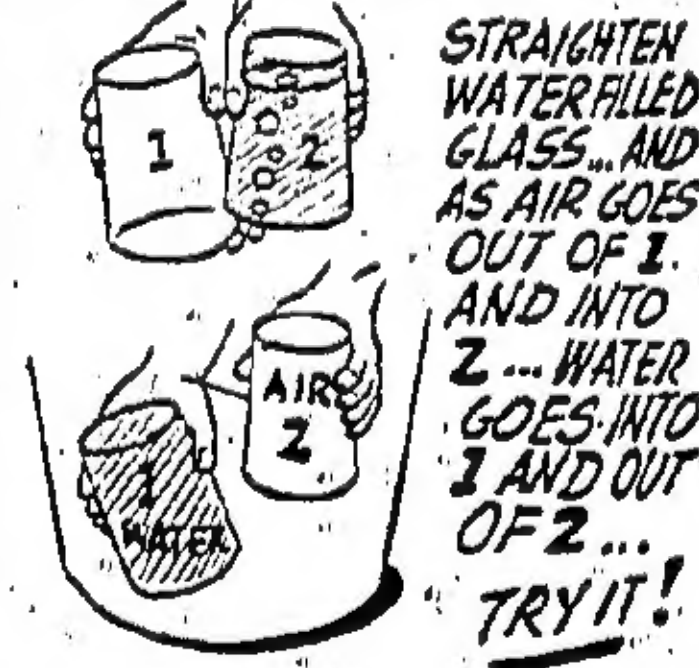
1. Push an empty GLASS straight down in a bucket of water...



2. PUSH ANOTHER GLASS DOWN BUT TILT IT SO IT WILL FILL WITH WATER.



3. Hold the lip of the air filled glass up against the one filled with water... NOW...



Carpenter Bees Never Burrow Into A Live Tree

By Ida Smith

ONE day in June, while trimming the lower branches of our umbrella tree, I noticed a huge, bluish-black bee, much larger than a bumble-bee, hovering in front of my face. Several times it flew around my head and then darted into the tree.

It had burrowed two neat holes, one above the other, in a dead portion of the tree. The holes were about a foot apart and slanted a bit from each other. The bee darted into the lower one. An enemy spider had built a thick web across the upper one. I cleaned the web away each day after that, but the bee kept on using the lower entrance.

One afternoon I saw her, sunning herself on a branch, her handsome indigo body shimmering in the sunshine. Thinking I might be able to photograph her, I broke the branch off carefully, but she tumbled down into the grass. Perfectly unconcerned, she sat in the grass and washed her face and brushed herself carefully all over.

BECOMES TAME

After that she did not seem afraid of me but would fly close whenever I was in the yard. And she did not dart into her nest any more, but would fly in leisurely.

Books from the library explained that she was a carpenter bee, and the largest of our bee family. There are numerous species of carpenter bees. The females hibernate in winter. In the spring and early summer they build their nests.

Illustrations showed the tunnel which these bees make from one entrance to the other, sometimes with rooms leading off.

All of the sawdust from the burrow the carpenter bee piles carefully nearby. Ordinarily she lays her first egg in the bottom compartment of the tunnel.

Apparently in my bee's home the plan had been changed in some way due to the enemy spider at the top hole. Probably she made rooms off to the

It is of the utmost importance to learn swimming the right way, preferably from a trained instructor. It is just as important to un-learn those wrong habits you've picked up ducking about on your own.

For instance, if you have been swimming "as comes naturally," nine chances out of ten, you emphasize the arm stroke and splash like mad on your kicks. After a few lessons, the instructor will show you how to keep your knees loose in order that both your legs will swing freely from hips to toes. The kick is up and down to be sure, but the sole of the foot should be tilted upward and the instep on a level with the top of the water as the foot reaches the surface. Then your foot is acting like a propeller.

Notice the ease of a swimmer who uses the proper three kicks to a stroke and keeps his ankles flexible. His arms have more power because his feet are working with him, and not dragging like deadweights behind him. He cuts the water smoothly and you see no splashing or thrashing.

Another mistake beginners make is in submerging like a submarine. Of course there is no set rule for position. Some swimmers swim low and others high, one doing as well as the other.

But swimming with the head completely under the surface is bound to retard speed. When you begin swimming in competi-



A carpenter bee knocks off for a bite of lunch.

where she has stored a supply of mixed flower nectar and pollen for her baby to eat when it hatches.

"CEMENT MIXER"

Then she mixes some sawdust with saliva and builds a little partition across the tunnel over it. On this partition she stores another supply of food, lays another egg, and builds another partition over that.

When finished she has about 12 little compartments or cabinets about an inch high, each containing an egg and food.

The egg hatches into a grub, which is a worm-like creature. After it eats its supply of food, it goes into the chrysalis or pupa stage during which it grows legs and wings. Each little chrysalis places himself or herself head down.

NATURE'S PLAN

The first one at the bottom becomes full grown first because that was the first egg laid. It breaks through the outer partition which its mother made to protect it, and flies away. Then the next one comes down, etc.

Apparently in my bee's home the plan had been changed in some way due to the enemy spider at the top hole. Probably she made rooms off to the

LEARN TO SWIM THE RIGHT WAY

If you are a swimmer enrolled in a summer swimming class, you are probably impatient at the time the instructor is talking on breathing and the flutter kick. You feel you know all that stuff. You've done a little swimming on your own—it wasn't exactly right—still you did move through the water.

It is of the utmost importance to learn swimming the right way, preferably from a trained instructor. It is just as important to un-learn those wrong habits you've picked up ducking about on your own.

For instance, if you have been swimming "as comes naturally," nine chances out of ten, you emphasize the arm stroke and splash like mad on your kicks. After a few lessons, the instructor will show you how to keep your knees loose in order that both your legs will swing freely from hips to toes. The kick is up and down to be sure, but the sole of the foot should be tilted upward and the instep on a level with the top of the water as the foot reaches the surface. Then your foot is acting like a propeller.

Notice the ease of a swimmer who uses the proper three kicks to a stroke and keeps his ankles flexible. His arms have more power because his feet are working with him, and not dragging like deadweights behind him. He cuts the water smoothly and you see no splashing or thrashing.

Another mistake beginners make is in submerging like a submarine. Of course there is no set rule for position. Some swimmers swim low and others high, one doing as well as the other.

But swimming with the head completely under the surface is bound to retard speed. When you begin swimming in competi-



tions, you won't be able to see the other fellows.

Learn to swim the right way and then keep practicing until you have overcome all the wrong habits you have picked up on your own. You will enjoy the sport more, you will breathe more easily and you won't be inclined to tire half as quickly.

—IRMA HEGEL

Rupert and the Cold-cure—34



Taking a pen, Rupert signs his name on paper, and after holding it in front of the fire he shows it to his astonished parents. "Well, I still don't understand how you've done it," mutters Bill. "It's like this," says Rupert. "That first sheet was the one the Professor lost. Those marks on it were so

The Children in a Shoe

—They Moved into a Beautiful Doll's House—

By MAX TRELL

MR PUNCH was smiling when Knarl and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, walked into the room. He looked wonderfully pleased with himself.

"Delightful... delightful... absolutely delightful," he kept saying to himself, rubbing his hands together. "Mr Punch, you've done a delightful thing! I'm proud of you, I am!"

Just then Mr Punch looked up and noticed Knarl and Hanid standing in front of him.

"I suppose you'd both like to know what I'm so pleased about this morning, eh?"

Knarl and Hanid answered that they would.

Mr Punch rubbed his hands together again. "Well," he said, "I've just done a good deed."

"For whom, Mr Punch?" asked Hanid.

"For a friend of mine who was very lonely and needed company, and for a dozen children who needed a friend."

A Crying Doll

This all sounded very mysterious. Then Mr Punch explained just what happened. It was late last night when he heard the sound of someone sobbing. To his surprise, he saw it was beautiful Miss Loveless, the doll with the golden curls who lived in her own private dollhouse under the front window in the children's room.

"And why was she crying her heart out?" Mr Punch said to Knarl and Hanid. "It was because she was all alone in that magnificent private dollhouse, because she was lonely, so very lonely. I decided to do something about it at once. This is what I did. I went over to the bookshelves where the Mother Goose Book was lying open, and I whistled."



A dozen little children stuck their heads out.

"You whistled?" Knarl said in amazement.

Mr Punch nodded.

The Shoe Children

"That's what I did, I whistled," he said. "The next second a dozen little children, boys and girls, stuck their heads out from inside the Mother Goose Book! They were the children who lived in the shoe!"

Mr Punch paused to smile. Then he went on quickly.

"Now, a shoe is no proper place for children to live. A shoe is good only for a foot to walk in."

"Come out!" I shouted to the children. "I've just found a fine roomy house for you all to live in!"

"So they all tumbled out, I collected them around me, some on my knees, some on my shoulders, some on my back and one little girl right on top of my head!"

Miss Loveless's House

"Listen, my lots," I said to them in a whisper. "I want you to go over to Miss Loveless and tell her you would like to live in her house. Ask her to please let you stay with her..."

"And that's what they did!" said Mr Punch. "Of course, at first, Miss Loveless didn't want them to stay. There were so many of them, and she didn't know how to take care of children. She tried to make them go back to their own home again. But when she discovered the one little girl hugging her knees and saying over and over again: 'I love you, Miss Loveless; I love you...' well, she just couldn't send them away. So she kept them all."

"Now they've got plenty of room to live in and play in, and Miss Loveless is lonely no more! It's wonderful... wonderful... wonderful... And I'm proud of myself, my dears. I really am!"

"You should be!" Hanid agreed. And she went up and threw her arms around old Mr Punch. And that made him more pleased than ever!



"And I say I do love you! How d'you like that?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 2

BORN today, you are one of those who have a "gypsy foot." You are always on the go and you like nothing better than to move from one job to another. No doubt you will be happiest living in a large city, where there is always something going on. Yet you do have a deep ambition to succeed and it is probable that this desire to attain perfection is what sends you off looking for the gold at the end of some rainbow or the new opportunity which is just around the corner.

You are rather critical of others and cannot endure those who seem content to stay in some regular, routine job. You must remember that there are two kinds of people: those who like to find security early in life and stay with it—and those who will take reckless chances to get ahead fast! You are capable of tackling large projects and, through imagination and energy, developing them into larger ones!

Your emotions are strong and you will be happiest if you wed early in life. Select someone who understands your mercurial temperament and there can be exceptional happiness in store.

Among those born on this date are: Robert Ridgeway, naturalist; R. H. Stoddard, poet; James Boyd, author; Charles Chaille-Long, explorer; Nathan Reed and Lucius Knowles, inventors.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 3

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Outdoor sports are fine, but if you are city-bred make sure you are not overdoing it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may be having an exciting holiday tomorrow, so try to get a little rest now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you are driving in heavy traffic today, make sure that you keep an eye on the other fellow.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Get an early start this morning if you are going for an outing and you can avoid the rush.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A misunderstanding could turn into a serious quarrel if you are not careful.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If somewhat downcast today, you may find that a good sermon is of spiritual help.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Wherever you may be—at home or on vacation—attend church. You will benefit.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Perhaps you may be planning to have visitors for today and tomorrow. Enjoy yourself.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Find the best way to have pleasant rest and relaxation on this Sunday. You want to be rested for tomorrow.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—There is need for a certain amount of caution in today's activities. Just be on guard.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—It will be necessary to be careful, even if driving on country roads, over the holiday.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Get out of doors, if the weather permits, for you will find it does you a lot of good.

BORN today, you are a quiet, independent, reserved individual who is apt to go his own way without asking the help or advice of anyone. No one knows exactly what you are planning until what you have in mind is finished! You don't make much "fuss and feathers"—that is put on a big show of activity—but when the time comes for a job to be done, it is polished off in fine style. Your success may not be a speedy, or startling one but when it comes it will be substantial and permanent.

Actually you are warm-hearted and affectionate, but you rarely display your true emotions. It might be better if you were to be a little more expressive, for even your closest friends are inclined to consider you a little too aloof. You are especially attractive to members of the opposite sex and probably will have a number of opportunities to wed. Let your intuitions guide you to the right mate. When that moment comes, be sure that you recognize it and mention it to the object of your affections.

Yours is a fine mind and you have literary and musical talent. Make use of these gifts for they can lead you to fortune as well as fame. You have a strong will and can become obstinate. The one way to persuade you against your will is to reach you through your affections.

Among those born on this date are: Samuel Huntington, patriot; Charles W. Cilly, noted clergyman; J. T. Henty, author; Dana Burton and Mary Levee Dickenson, authors; George Sanders, actor; John Singleton Copley, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 4

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—You will probably have an exciting time today.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This can be a highly romantic day for you. Make or receive a proposal. Make up your mind.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't get into a minor argument! It could become a quarrel before you know it!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you've been romancing lately, it is likely that some of those dreams may now come true.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Although this is not a "working day," it might not be a bad idea to lay a few future plans.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your optimistic attitude can bring pleasure and joy to all the family—just try it!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There is romance in the air, but you must not forget business affairs.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you are entertaining this evening, keep an eye on the budget. Don't be over-extravagant.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Pay no attention to those who might try to pass on some juicy gossip. State the facts.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This is a day when some of your fondest dreams might come true.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may receive a surprise, which is actually a reward for your past efforts.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Romance is favored. Some social events may further your chances with the one you love.

ZOO'S WHO



A BIRD EATS MORE FOOD IN PROPORTION TO ITS WEIGHT THAN ANY OTHER CREATURE.



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Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

The Lunch-Hour

CROWDS streamed along the broad pavements of the West End streets. It was the luncheon hour, which, each weekday, works wonderful transformations upon junior typists and young seamstresses and apprentice shop-assistants, making them all, for 60 minutes, into ladies of leisure.

Shop windows do not discriminate, but lay their offerings invitingly at the feet of all, of heiresses, visitors from hard-currency countries and office girls. And a man might be pardoned these days for finding it difficult to distinguish one sort from the other of those who window-shop.

IN AND OUT
 ANYONE any man at least, seeing Mary and Anne, strolling down the West End street, might have been excused for thinking they were girls with all the money and time in the world to spend and to spare. The two girls studied one store window at length, and then walked into the shop.

Presently, they came out of the shop again. Their pace was a little quicker, perhaps, than when they had entered. It was not quick enough.

COMBINED OPERATION
 FOR hard on the two girls' heels came an older woman, who caught up with them, and said something which made Mary and Anne turn suddenly pale, and blushed them from all the other hurrying girls in the street.

"I saw you take two cardigans and one shirt, without paying for them," the older woman said again to the girls.

She led them back into the store. In the manager's office, Anne said: "Yes, we did steal the things. It was a kind of combined operation, but it was mainly my fault."

PARENTS
 AT the office where the two girls worked, their friends began to look at their watches and lick their lips in a charitable sort of way at the thought of the row there would be when the two teen-agers reported back so late from their luncheon-hour.

In the manager's office at the store, Mary and Anne had other things to worry about, for the police arrived. The two girls were taken to the station.

Next morning at Great Marlborough Street, they were shown into the dock together — two pretty girls who glanced through eyes full of defiance at the public gallery, where the father of one and the mother of the other, watched in misery to see what would happen to their daughters.

SO ASHAMED
 BOTH girls pleaded guilty, and the story was told briefly to Mr. Clyde Wilson, the magistrate. Mary's father came forward. "It's such a shock to me," he said, "she's such a good girl. I don't know what to say."

Anne's mother said: "She's such a good girl. She's saving up to buy a gramophone keeping her money at that lunch hour round themselves enjoying a little freedom."

DARTWORDS SOLUTION
 HLELEY Moor Room Roof Wool Ward Way Wear Weave Seven Seven Jack Jack Crop Prop Support Back Jack Union Onion Shalott Shallow Hollow Hollow Follows more Crates Crates Great Free Deliver Delivery Cash Cash Kick Leg Black Black Cap Kase Kase Muzard Dress Dress Circle Vicious Wicked Wicket Pitch TAR.

VIETNAMESE ELECTIONS

Vital To Honour Agreement Says Britain ENVOY IN LONDON

—London, July 1.
 British Ministers told a special envoy from South Vietnam here today they considered it vital that the Indo-China armistice agreement be honoured in full by the staging of nation-wide elections in Vietnam next July.

Diplomatic sources said the statement came in discussions between Mr Harold Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, his Minister of State, the Marquess of Reading, and Mr Nguyen Huu Chau, a Minister in the Saigon Government of Mr Ngo Dinh Diem.

Diplomatic sources stated that Mr Chau assured British officials that his Government would meet representatives from the North for preparatory talks about the election as scheduled.

SOUTHERN FEARS
 The South Vietnamese feared, however, that the Communists might refuse to negotiate with the Saigon Government because it did not sign the armistice agreement in Geneva, France, as head of the French Union, signed the agreement on behalf of South Vietnam.

Mr Chau, a close adviser of his Prime Minister, arrived here from Paris last night on a 24-hour visit for talks at the Foreign Office.

Under the Geneva agreement the whole country is to be reunited under a single government through a national poll in July 1956. Preparatory talks between the Northern and Southern administrations are due to start in three weeks' time.

VIETNAM ARMY MOPS UP

SAIGON, July 1.
 The South Vietnamese National Army operations in the Seven Mountains region have been completed, a Government source announced here today.

The Army yesterday took over this hilly area of Cochinchina just at the Cambodian border, the source said, with only 16 men wounded. Casualties on the side of the dissident religious sect of Hoa Hao were probably much heavier, though these are not yet known, he said.

During the operations, the National Army arrested 47 suspects, a group of some 100 dissident look-alikes in Cambodia, the same source said.

IN RICH PADDIES
 General Ba Cu's troops were believed to be now in the region between Hailien and Rachgia, an area of half-flooded rice paddies at the southern tip of Cochinchina, along the Gulf of Siam.

Informed observers predicted that the National Army would probably move next into this area, although they were not sure whether Ba Cu's 4,000 to 5,000 partisans would resist strongly or try to escape.

They felt, however, that during the past month, the beginning of Army operations against the Hoa Hao in the west had revealed the beginning of the end for their opponents, whom they found both heterogeneous and poorly trained.—France-Press.

Steeple Record

HELSINKI, July 1.
 Twenty-two-year-old Pentti Karvonen of Finland set a new official world record in the 3,000-metre steeplechase, 8:47.8 in the second day of the July Games of the Helsinki Olympic Stadium today.

The former record was 8:49.6 by Sandor Roszky of Hungary.—United Press.

All-British Women's Doubles

LONDON, July 1.
 For the first time for 19 years Britain is assured of the women's doubles title as two British pairs won the semi-finals today.

Miss Shirley Bloomer and Miss Pat Ward finally ended the American postwar domination of this event when they eliminated the only remaining United States combination, Mrs Beverly Fleitz and Miss Darlene Hard by 6-3, 9-7. The other British finalists are Miss Angela Mortimer and Miss Ann Shilcock, who defeated the young Australian team, Miss Fay Muller and Mrs Lew Hoar, 6-2, 6-1.

American Miss Louise Brough will be in two finals tomorrow. In addition to her vital singles match against Mrs Fleitz she will team with lanky Argentinian Enrique Morea in a bid to wrest the mixed doubles title from Americans Miss Doris Hart and Vic Seixas. Both partnerships reached the mixed final at the expense of Australian teams today.—Reuter.

COMMISSION ON SAAR PLEBISCITE

Saarbrücken, July 1.
 The five-nation commission to supervise the forthcoming Saar plebiscite opened its first session here today under its Belgian chairman, M. Fernand Dehousse, and laid down a frame of reference for its work.

The Commission also studied four Saar Government bills relating to the regulation of the plebiscite, which offers the population of this small border state between France and Germany, a European statute under last October's Franco-German agreement.

It is thought here in political quarters that the appointment of a Saar commissioner would not be made at the Strasbourg meeting on Tuesday of the Council of Ministers of Europe. This appointment may not be decided until after the plebiscite.—Reuter.

A MATTER OF HONOUR

Paris, July 1.
 One of France's distinguished families was in the news again today when one of its members, M. Serge Groussard, a well known writer, told reporters that he had slapped a man who allegedly made unfavourable references to his family—lightly because of his age.

The man who was slapped, M. Jacques Biscarre, an attorney, had earlier this morning received two seconds sent by M. Groussard's father, Colonel Georges Groussard, of World War Two resistance fame, who challenged M. Biscarre to a duel.

M. Serge Groussard, who said he went to M. Biscarre's home and delivered the "slaps on the night that M. Biscarre allegedly insulted his family, and declared that following the slaps, "I was assaulted by six persons who wielded chairs, whisky bottles and even dessert knives," he said, "I felt certain that I had not hurt them too much."

COURT FIGHT
 The "Affair Groussard" began last Wednesday when Colonel Groussard and M. Biscarre were engaged in a courtroom fight when they were opposed in a child custody case.

The date of the duel between Colonel Groussard and M. Biscarre has not yet been set. The seconds who visited Biscarre today asked him to designate his seconds.

Colonel Georges Groussard gained world fame as chief of all free French espionage and sabotage services during World War Two.

His headquarters were in Geneva, where he worked in co-operation with Mr Allen Dulles, head of American counter-espionage in Europe. Mr Dulles is the brother of the US State Secretary, Mr John Foster Dulles.

In his post, Colonel Groussard organised the famous bombing of the German-held Aulnis prison a year before the war's end, which permitted resistance agents who had been sentenced to death to escape.

A film, *Yancho*, was later based on this exploit.—France-Press.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

O	A	M	A	I
A	N	O	I	N
K	E	P	I	N
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HAWAIIAN REBUS: Pineapples: Territory: Sugar Pearl Harbour.

DIAMOND:

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CODED MESSAGE: Hawaii's Mauna Loa is the largest active volcano in the world.

HAWAIIAN MIX-UPS: Volcanic islands: Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa: Pit of eternal fire.



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8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

COUNTY CRICKET TABLE TOP POSITIONS MAINTAINED

London, July 1.
 Positions at the head of the County Cricket Championship table were unaffected by today's results.

Surrey and Yorkshire both won their matches yesterday to establish themselves well at the top.

Hampshire beaten by Yorkshire, remain in third position after Lancashire's failure to take points from their drawn match against Sussex at Liverpool. Hampshire and Lancashire both have 80 points from 13 games.

Lancashire's match with Sussex was abandoned because of rain at a point when the home county's gallant recovery held out hopes of an interesting finish. With three more runs to bat they had a lead of 142.

Ken Grievies, their Australian cricket-footballer, showed a return to form after a series of single figure innings and reached 50 in just under two hours during which he hit eight fours. Warwickshire took another step up the table with their

IN FIVE FINE FLAVOURS . . .

VANILLA • CHOCOLATE • STRAWBERRY • PINEAPPLE • COCONUT

The Dairy Farm Ice Cream

Arnold Hamer, the Derbyshire opening batsman, scored 111 not out, the county's highest individual score this season—against Glamorgan at Derby. The match was abandoned through rain with Derbyshire heading for a certain victory. Glamorgan needed 228 runs to escape defeat and only four of their second innings wickets were standing when the rains came.—Reuter.